

YOUTH'S COMPANION



Times Wide World Photograph

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

King George V, with Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales, drives through
London to the opening of Parliament

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Mr. Peaslee on Styles

By FRANK K. RICH

"GIT kind of out of patience sometimes," said Caleb Peaslee, "with these folks that are all the time tellin' about how things ain't near as comf'able and handy as they was years ago, whilst they was growin' up; nor so pretty nor so likeable."

"Tis kind of tryin'," Deacon Hyne agreed. "My wife's brother is some given that way."

"He ain't so bad, I'll bet ye, as Nate Somes; he's the son of my Aunt 'Tilda," Caleb affirmed positively. "I can't put a name to anything that suits him as well as things forty years back. Apples ain't so red nor so juicy, and punkins don't grow so well nor make so good pies; pigs don't put on heft the way they used to when we grewed our own corn here; turkeys you buy now don't relish the same as them his folks used to raise and fat on beechnuts; oxen don't fill out a girdin'-chain the way they used to, nor pull so stout in a yoke. There ain't a nameable thing that is as good as it was when he was a boy."

"He was settin' with my wife and me," Caleb went on, "out on our front porch, and of course there was more or less passin' all the time, same's there always is in the summer. He didn't like the rigs folks drove,—automobiles wa'n't near so good as a Knox hoss and a good buggy,—and specially he didn't like the clothes people wear nowadays. Whilst he was there with us young Bates went past with that new schoolmarm; and a mighty good-lookin' pair, I thought they was."

"They be," affirmed the deacon stubbornly. "That Bates boy is as nice-appearin' young man as there is in Dilmouth."

"You and Nate don't see a mite alike," said Caleb. "He declared the boy was dressed so's to look ridic'lous."

"My wife don't like Nate any too well, and after listenin' a spell she got up and went in the house; and after mebbe five minutes out she come again with a plush album that some agent talked onto me one time. You know what they're like, Hyne—mebbe you've got one on your parlor table?"

The deacon sheepishly admitted it.

"WELL, there's some pictures in this album that look kind o' queer," went on Mr. Peaslee; "there's one of me, I know, and at first I wished she hadn't fetched it out. But when I saw her start along to'rds Nate with it, thinks I, 'I c'n stand it for this once, and mebbe it'll show him something!' So she come along and laid the book on Nate's lap; and she was so soople and pliable that I was on the p'int of bein' sorry for him, knowin' the woman as well's I do."

"All in the front of the book is old tin-types, taken I d'know how long ago, but they look like tunket; men with stocks round their necks and wimmin with funny clothes on—and Nate had many a good laugh at them whilst she was leafin' 'em over for him."

"They git wuss and wuss, the more you show me," he says; and then all at once he bent down closer, and I c'd see the back of his neck gittin' redder and redder."

"You take a good look at that, Nate," says my wife, "and tell me if you've seen anything late years look wuss'n those two gumps do. Look at the one standin', and see that collar, and them boots—and that soap-lock curved down over his forehead. He looks wuss'n the one in the chair, I sh'd say—though it's hard to choose."

"That's Nathan Somes, Esquire, standin' up, with his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Caleb Peaslee—took whilst they was seein' the Phil'delphia Exposition and givin' the world a treat by lettin' themselves be seen. And now," she says, "if you've seen any young feller go by here this afternoon that looked wuss'n those two people did in them braided coats, tell me who it is."

"And do you know, Hyne," Caleb demanded, "that I couldn't git her to let up on Nate till I took the album away from her and begun to hunt for one of her that was taken when we was fust married—one with her hair banded and with a tight waist on. Then she give a start and grabbed the album and put into the house with it."

"But it's done the work—for a spell, anyway. Nate never made another peep about styles all the time he sot there—nor I ain't heard him since that day."

Editor's Note—A portrait of Mr. Peaslee will appear in an early issue.

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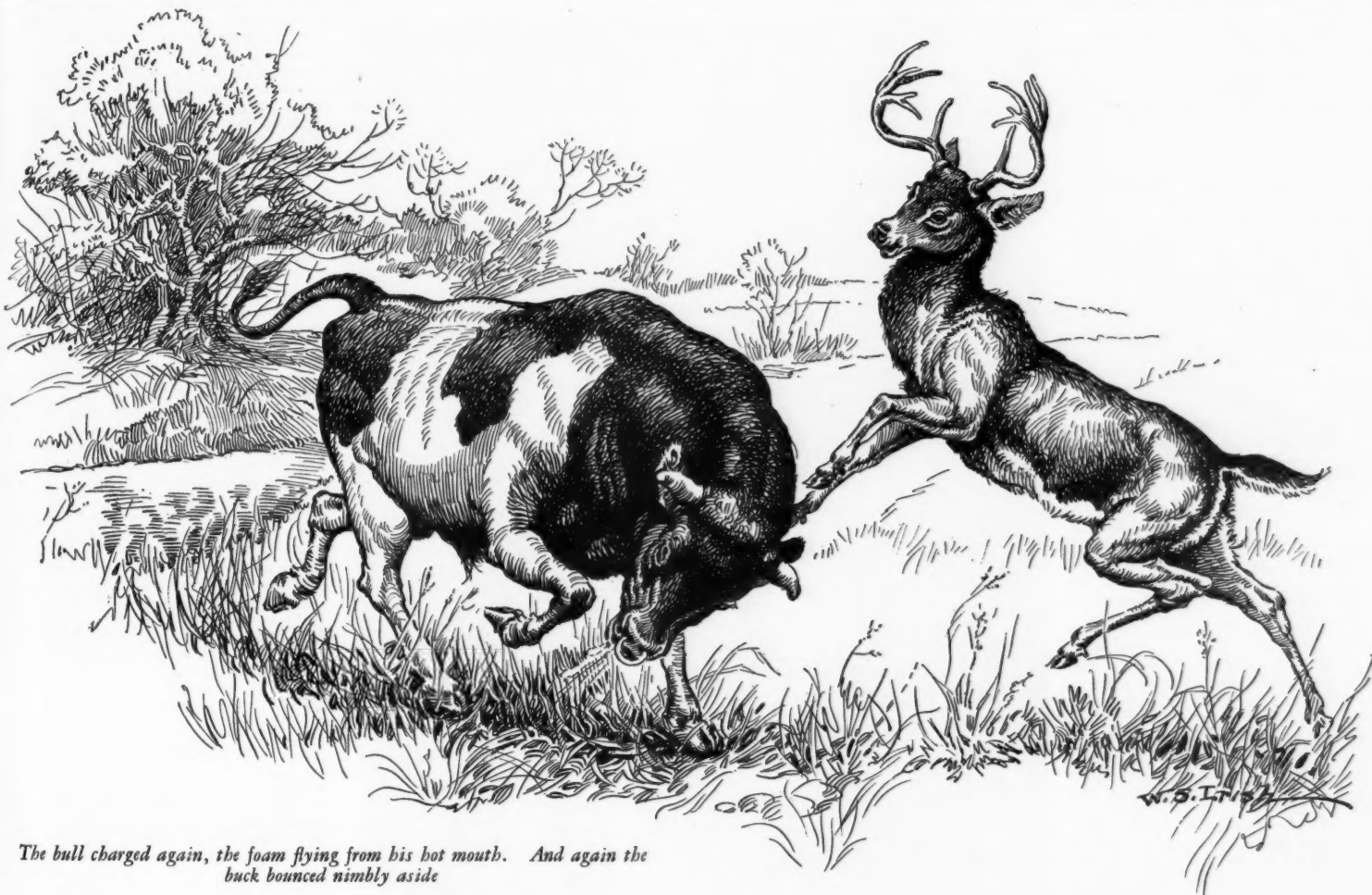
BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

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The bull charged again, the foam flying from his hot mouth. And again the buck bounced nimbly aside

HETTY MARTIN was eighteen. She lived on her father's farm, not far from the banks of the Nashwaak River in New Brunswick. Like many other girls in the back settlements, it was her ambition to escape from the lonely life of the backwoods farm and fit herself to be a school-teacher.

If you will take your map of New Brunswick, you will find but few towns in this section, which consists largely of timber land. If you have one of the maps that show natural resources, you will find studded all over it in red ink such interesting words as "Moose," "Bear" and "Deer," with "Salmon" in the eastern rivers and "Caribou" toward the north. You will also find, here and there, "Coal," "Tungsten," "Copper," "Iron" and other indications of buried wealth, lying under the timber and the farm land; so you will not be surprised that people in search of buried treasure visit New Brunswick, as do other people in search of hunting and fishing.

Along the banks of the Nashwaak, however, you will find the symbol that stands for "Mixed Farming"; and you will notice that there are creameries and cheese factories in the villages.

By the use of such maps people in search of new homes can make a far more intelligent choice than do those who plunge ahead blindly, attracted by the mere sound of a town's name or by reports of its good climate or of its many sports and recreations.

Hetty's father, Mr. Charles Martin, had come from an overcrowded part of England; and he was naturally well pleased with the living he made from his pioneer farm. Men who have lived in close touch with their neighbors in a grimy city often find themselves both soothed and inspired by a change to broad acres of their own. Mr. Martin was primarily a dairy farmer, but he also found the soil favorable to many vegetables and to an orchard which he both planted and cultivated with jealous care. His only regret in life, perhaps, was that Hetty was lone-

some. She lacked companions of her own age, largely because the nearest neighbors seemed to specialize in boy children, rather than girls. And Hetty was not interested in boys. She wanted to teach. Her father respected this ambition and helped her as much as he could to attain it.

There were times, however, when he told himself that Hetty would eventually become interested in some particular boy, if not in boys in general. That she would make an excellent wife for some achieving young farmer went without question, for she was strong, highly intelligent, thrifty, sympathetic and loyal. Mr. Martin was glad that she showed no interest whatever in such matters at eighteen, for he knew that she would be able to make a far more intelligent choice later on. He dreaded the day when she would leave him, whether to teach or to establish her own home. Meanwhile, he found her a gay companion, as well as an ambitious one. He sometimes thought that the clear, Canadian sunshine outdoors was less bright than the sunshine of Hetty's presence inside the house; and this is possibly as fine a compliment as any father can pay his daughter, whether he tells it to her or not.

Hetty knew, of course, that her father loved her. She was always happy when she was near him. But few grown people can ever concentrate so hard on a given problem as does a girl of Hetty's age on some problem in her own life. Hetty's problem was to fit herself for school-teaching, and she gave it earnest thought and study every day.

On a beautiful autumn day, taking her ten-year-old brother Alec for company,

Hetty walked into the little town of Stanley, a distance of about six miles by the main road, for the purpose of buying with her butter money some textbooks of which she stood in need.

Her shopping proved successful, and she hugged with elation under one arm the little bundle of books which her good dairying had earned for her. The goal of her ambition seemed nearer than ever before; and to her hopeful young eyes, the rough landscape wore a glory beyond even that of the brilliant autumn weather and the bright October sun.

The distance home, in a straight line through the woods and back pastures, was little over five miles.

"We'll go by this trail," said Hetty to Alec, and the boy was delighted by the prospect of a cross-country walk.

Pushing their way through the bushes, with a pleasant rustling of dry leaves, among great boulders and stumps, over charred rail-fences and across swampy barrens and dismal stretches of burnt lands, the two moved blithely and briskly.

Alec was a light-hearted, well-built boy who adored his tall sister and felt proud of what he considered his responsibility in escorting her. Before long their trail led them across a stretch of rough pasture. There was a shallow brook, and beside it grew an old willow with wide-spreading branches. At the other end of the pasture, amid a throng of gray and black stumps, was gathered a little herd of red cattle.

Hetty and Alec, being farm children, paid these cattle no attention, but walked steadily toward them.

Suddenly Alec exclaimed: "I wonder if the

critters think we've got some salt for 'em? They're all moving down this way."

Hetty cast a careless glance in the direction of the herd. As she did so, her face changed and she cried, "Watch out, Alec!" in a tone of keen anxiety.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"That's Rogers's bull!"

Hetty's voice was even more anxious.

"The big red-n-white critter?" inquired the boy, indifferently.

"Yes. They say he's terribly ugly," continued Hetty. "He's coming right at us. Whatever can we do?"

"I guess it's that red jacket of yours, Hetty. It's so awful red! Red makes bulls mad," exclaimed Alec, trying hard to keep himself from breaking into a run.

By this time they were near the center of the big pasture. In front of them was the curious herd, advancing slowly with the angry bull in the lead. Behind them was the brook, with the big willow tree. Hetty looked back over her shoulder; and as she did so the bull gave a hoarse, mumbering roar, pawed the turf, lowered his horns and seemed ready to charge.

Hetty tugged frantically at her red jacket. For the first time in Alec's memory, she seemed to have lost her presence of mind.

"Come!" Alec tugged at her arm. "We must run, Hetty, even if it's nothin' but an old bull. We can make it to the tree before he can catch us—an' he'll kill us if we don't."

THIS brought the girl to her senses. She and Alec broke into desperate flight. Hetty was the faster runner of the two, but her skirt impeded her, and so did the precious package of books. They could plainly hear the thunder of the bull's hoofs on the turf behind them; and, although Hetty expected that she would leave Alec behind, as she had always done when racing him for fun, he now ran several steps in front of her.

With difficulty, changing the package from hand to hand, Hetty tore off her red jacket as she ran. She loved it, and it cost

her a pang to sacrifice it, even at that moment when she felt that the bull might pause to toss and gore it. She had heard of a woman who had once done the same thing, escaping from a bull by judiciously tossing to him her hat, her shawl, her coat and other specimens of her wearing apparel. Hetty hoped that the same strategy would work again.

A two-hundred-yard sprint brought the fugitives to the brook. As they splashed through it, they realized it was far too shallow to stop the bull. The big willow branches hung right overhead. Tossing her package into a bush, Hetty grasped one of them and swung herself up, as gracefully as a sailor, to safety.

The bull was now but twenty yards behind. He paused, as Hetty had hoped, to

Both Hetty and Alec looked down from their branch at the bull with surprise. They were used to bulls, but this one's savage anger went beyond anything they had seen before. They expected him to glare at them for a while with his protruding red eye, to snort and bellow for a while, and then to become bored by his inability to reach them. He would then go away, no doubt, and resume his ordinary meditations at some other place in the field.

But this bull was far too furious to forget his present business. He faced the willow tree, pawing the earth and throwing it up into the air with his horns, meanwhile bellying every defiance in his bullish vocabulary. He even charged the tree, digging his short but sharp-pointed horns into the soft willow wood, and making the branches

for her on this rough country trail; he would expect her, as usual, to keep to the road. There was no house within a mile or more. It would be useless to call for help; anyone who could hear such a call would have long since heard the roars of the bull.

A faint glimmer of hope came to Hetty when the bull seemed at last to weary of the one-sided game he was playing. Rejoining the herd, he led it back to the red jacket, which he again attacked. As he was waving it on his horns, and flinging it to the ground, and trampling it under his hoofs, Hetty and Alec suddenly became aware of a new spectator.

A LARGE, wide-antlered buck had emerged from the woods and seemed to be watching in astonishment the strange performances of the bull.

"Oh, what a big buck!" cried Alec.

Hetty looked and exclaimed: "My, aren't the deer getting thick nowadays! Let's make a noise and frighten him away before the bull gets after him."

"No," said Alec, with decision. "Let's see what the bull's going to do. The deer can run away quick enough if it wants to."

"Of course he can," assented Hetty.

Meanwhile, it became evident that the bull intended to do something big! He

Hetty and Alec each gave a sigh of relief, and Hetty cried: "Oh, isn't he graceful?"

The bull was wild with rage. To have been so easily eluded was maddening to him. He charged again, the foam flying from his hot mouth. And again the buck, still with his look of polite interest and curiosity, bounced nimbly aside.

This time, however, the bull checked himself more promptly, whirled in a short circle, and then repeated his charge so quickly that the buck was forced to hurry in order to escape the attack. Upon this, the graceful creature's mood underwent a change. Up to now, it had been like a conflict between a slender swordsman armed with a rapier and a big, burly ruffian with a club. But now the swordsman was growing weary of merely eluding his coarse foe. The daring pugnacity of the buck deer flamed up in his veins. An angry light seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and he stamped his dainty but keen-edged forehoofs.

A second later, the bull was upon him again. This time, as he leaped aside, he also reared straight up. And as the bull lumbered past, the buck brought down those knife-edged hoofs on his burly assailant's flank with terrible force.

The blow was so severe and so unexpected that the bull stumbled, and then staggered forward with blood streaming down his gashed side. Alec clapped his hands with joy, but Hetty turned her face away, not able to bear the sight of the blood.

The bull had long since been at the height of his rage. But now pain and astonishment were added to make his rage more formidable. Instead of repeating his heavy charges, from which it was hard to halt and recover, he adopted the tactics of short, sharp rushes, whirling with an agility remarkable for a creature of his bulk. But the buck outclassed him in ability, and again and again the bull's flanks were furrowed by those down-smiting hoofs, or gored across by a thrust of the sharp-pronged antlers.

ALEC'S excitement over this duel was so intense that it soon infected Hetty, and in her eager interest she forgot her horror and cried out with enthusiasm over the buck's clever fighting. At last the bull seemed to grow discouraged by his failure to touch his slim antagonist. None of his wounds were deep, but they caused a most exhausting loss of blood. Up to now he had been the assailant. But he paused at last and stood still with lowered horns, snorting and eyeing his foe with a look of sullen, wondering wrath.

The buck, however, was now in no mood for truce or compromise. If the bull would not push the fighting, he would. Bounding forward lightly, and yet savagely, he seemed to dance for an instant on his hind legs—bouncing up and down as does a rubber ball, and at the same time towering high above his adversary. The bull swung around to meet the attack, but he swung too slowly. The next moment, the buck's forehoofs came down with lightning speed and terrific force upon the bull's neck.

Only the mighty layers of muscle in this part saved the neck from being broken by the blow. Its shock was bewildering. It stunned the furious animal for a moment. Then, bellowing with sheer terror, he turned and galloped away across the pasture. He dashed into the bushes at its farther end, as if he were trying to hide his disgrace in the densest thicket he could find.

The herd stared after him and then fell without further delay to their pasturing. Hetty and Alec, much heartened by the flight of the bull, climbed down from their tree.

The buck had not stirred after his easy triumph. He stood looking at the rest of the herd rather sourly, perhaps expecting a second challenge from one of the steers. But when the two human figures appeared from behind the big willow he recognized a class of creatures more to be dreaded than any angry bull. Of mankind he stood in awe. Executing a series of mighty bounds, he reached the edge of the wood. There he halted for a moment and eyed his natural enemies with grave curiosity, little knowing, of course, how much they admired and loved him. Soon, to their intense disappointment, he vanished among the trees.

"Well, what do you know about that?" cried Alec.

"Oh!" exclaimed Hetty, wistfully. "If we could only let him know how much obliged we are for what he did for us!"

Picking up her untouched package of books and the trampled remains of her gay jacket, Hetty went home with Alec to tell the story of these duels of the pasture.



In front of Hetty and Alec was the curious herd, advancing slowly with the bull in the lead. For the first time in Alec's memory, Hetty seemed to have lost her presence of mind

trample and toss the offending red jacket. But he soon realized that it was only a sacrifice to him—a sort of sop to his anger. Abandoning it with a snort, he thundered after the boy and girl.

Alec was only too eager to follow Hetty's example and climb the willow. But the branch was far beyond his reach. His first cry of fear broke from his lips; yet it was not craven fear, but rather a cry of desolation and abandonment. He thought that Hetty had deserted him, leaving him to face his fate alone at the foot of the great, inaccessible trunk.

At Alec's heart-broken cry, a horror of remorse and self-reproach went through Hetty's heart and transformed her. Up to now she had been but a frightened girl, thinking mostly about her gay red jacket and her books. Now she became a different being. If a pack of wolves had been surrounding her brother, she would have rushed to his side without a thought of fear. And this was only a stupid, blundering bull.

She dropped to the ground, with the bull less than forty feet away. Lifting Alec in her strong arms, she hoisted him until his fingers could catch the friendly branch overhead. He squirmed and kicked, drawing himself up to safety. With not a single second to spare, Hetty jumped for the branch, caught it with her strong hands, and drew up her feet just as the bull's right horn caught one of them a glancing blow. But the blow meant nothing to her. She was safe; and, more important, she had saved little Alec's life.

Even at that moment, however, her feeling of self-reproach was so strong that she burst into uncontrolled sobs. In a minute she felt Alec's hand patting her arm.

"Aw, what are you cryin' for?" asked Alec, in surprise. "That old bull can't climb trees. We're as safe here as if we were in church."

"Oh, Alec," gasped the girl. "I pretty nearly left you all alone down there on the ground."

"Forget it!" said Alec, stoutly. "You boosted me up here before I knew what was happening. What's the matter with you? Maybe you forgot I wasn't big enough to grab this branch from the ground."

Evidently he ascribed Hetty's tears to womanly weakness. Before long she stopped crying, and wiped the tears from her cheeks with the back of her hand. It was no time to think about handkerchiefs, and Hetty's was in her jacket pocket, out in the pasture. The bull had trampled the jacket deep into the muddy soil near the brook.

quiver. Knowing that the tree was far too big for him to uproot, the girl and boy felt a fearful sort of pleasure in this sensation.

"Butt away, you big bully!" cried Alec, putting one arm around the trunk for greater security. "I hope it makes your head ache! I hope you break every bone in your head!"

But the bull's skull was evidently far harder than the wood of the tree, and he seemed to take ferocious joy in his efforts to knock the tree down. Around him, at a respectful distance, stood the cows and young steers, staring at the scene with what seemed to be soft-eyed curiosity.

"The nasty things!" cried Hetty angrily. "I believe they'd like to see him knock this tree over and then hook us. Who'd have thought cows could be so horrid!"

From his perch Alec now caught sight of the red jacket, fifty feet on the other side of the brook. It was a sorry sight, torn, trampled and muddy.

"Look, Hetty! He's spoiled your new jacket. What a shame!"

"Let him," answered the girl. "Guess that jacket paid for itself, all right. It saved both of our lives."

But after ten minutes more, which the bull filled with his terrifying antics, Hetty began to notice that twilight was setting in. The prospect of being treed all night by this persistent bull was a serious one, more especially as she had no coat to wear. She fixed her eyes regretfully on the wreck of her jacket. She wondered if her father would come to the rescue. But he would not search

dropped the red jacket and loudly challenged the buck. Then he advanced to the attack while the staring cattle huddled in a bunch behind him, with ears and noses in the air.

The buck seemed neither angry nor alarmed. He must have been a buck that was not accustomed to cattle. Many bucks are so pugnacious and quick-tempered that they are ready to fight on the first sight of a challenge. But an amiable wonder seemed to possess this one. He marveled at these creatures which looked something like deer, and yet, very plainly, were not deer. He had never before seen a red jacket, and he was more or less interested in that. He did not even bestow a passing glance on the big willow tree where Hetty and Alec sat. Most of all, clearly, he wondered what the big, red and white, noisy, bad-tempered, horned animal was trying to do with the red jacket.

Full of interest, the buck took a few dainty steps nearer and stood with his splendidly antlered head high in the air. Upon this, the bull grunted and grumbled, deep in his throat, and then charged like a thunderbolt!

Hetty and Alec held their breath, for the bull was so much larger than the buck that it seemed as if the bull must annihilate him. But the buck was not troubled. Waiting until the bull was almost upon him, he bounced gracefully aside and turned to watch curiously the assailant that went plunging ahead, unable for some time to check his headway or to run in anything but a straight line.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 3

"AH!" said Ann, reaching the bend of the road. "At last!"

She slackened her pace, trying to breathe deeply and regularly. In the shady street she was able to assume an air of composure, but it was only pretended; her heart continued to thump. Suppose she should be halted! In spite of the cannonade there were many persons in the street.

It was not military but civilian interference she dreaded. She was acquainted with everybody in Gettysburg, and when one had no father and mother, even though one had an uncle and an aunt and a grandmother, outsiders were always trying to bring one up. She would not be stopped; she was determined to go to Uncle Chris's store. She could see in the Square, instead of individual blue figures, masses of blue. Soldiers would be in the store by scores; she saw herself behind the counter, heard her voice saying sweetly, "One of these hats? One dollar. Shoes? To the back of the store, please."

"Boom!" There was a pause. "Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The rolling echoes died away, and she found to her disgust that she had not moved. She heard a sound more alarming than the cannon.

"Ann Longport! Ann Longport!"

It was Mrs. Carson calling. Mrs. Carson had been her mother's best friend; she gave Ann playthings and books and lately a beautiful breastpin; but she would catch her and compel her to stay in the cellar, or take her home to Aunt Lu. Ann began to run and, her breath recovered, made good speed.

"Ann Longport!"

This was the voice of Mrs. Ustead, and from sheer disagreeableness Mrs. Ustead would prevent her from doing what she wished. One more dash and she would be in the Square. There floated the glorious flag, there were the masses of blue.

"Ann Longport!"

It was a man now who called, a professor from the college. He caught her arm in a firm grasp; she believed that she was lost at last. "Where in the world are you going?"

"To Uncle Chris's store."

She succeeded in jerking away, and her answer was flung back over her shoulder. She admired this gentleman as though he were a divinity, but even a divinity could not compel her to spend the days of a battle in the cellar. She heard another cry, but this voice she did not stay to identify.

"Ann Longport! In the name of sense!"

Another dash and she was at the threshold of the store. There were fewer soldiers here than she expected, and they were not making purchases, but were standing in earnest conversation with Uncle Chris. Their muffled tones, the gold bars on their shoulders, their air of gravity, most of all Uncle Chris's expression of anxiety, startled her. Uncle Chris saw her, but he did not speak to her. His eyes said "Ann Longport!" like other people's voices, as though here were a new source of trouble.

"Yes," he said to the officers, and again, "Yes."

The officers departed; the room was empty except for Uncle Chris and Ann and Charles, the one-armed clerk. Its proportions seemed enormous, the stock vast. Uncle Christopher was a gentle soul, but at this moment he had a grim look.

"Ann," said he, "This is the last place in town for you. You—"

At this embarrassing moment Charles created a diversion. He lifted his arm and pointed.

"Look!" he cried. "Look!"

Without obeying his own directions he sank on a stool and hid his face. Down the street came marching men, four abreast, their eyes fixed straight ahead, their pace rapid.

"There are thousands!" screamed Ann, starting for the door. "There are millions!"

"Hush!" ordered Uncle Chris, as though Ann's little voice were louder than the sound of marching. "Come back instantly! Does your Aunt Lu know where you are?"

"She thinks I'm at Grandmother Fiddler's."

"And where does Grandmother Fiddler think you are?"

"At home."

Uncle Chris passed his hand over his forehead. Remorse took up its abode for once in the breast of Ann.

"I suppose I've acted like a simpleton."

Uncle Chris looked round the store.

"You can't go home now alone, that's certain; and I can't leave here, that's certain. A commissary department is to take posses-



The street was crowded with Union soldiers. But they no longer marched in order, and with stern purpose; they ran in wild confusion

sion. Everything that's moveable must be carried into the second floor."

"I can help!" cried Ann. "Oh, please let me help!"

"You must obey me absolutely," Uncle Chris spoke sternly to Ann for the first time in her life. "And instantly."

"I will," promised Ann.

"Begin there at the foot of the steps and carry up these light articles," went on Uncle Chris in a gentle tone. "Put them in corresponding places above, on the floor if there's no shelf room."

"I will."

"Don't tire yourself out."

"I won't," promised Ann, but in her heart she said, "I'll never rest!"

Charles lifted his head, his face gray.

"You come and help, Charley," said Uncle Chris.

Charles looked at him without intelligence and Uncle Chris began to shout.

"Come here and get to work! Don't sit there idly when there's so much to be done! Step lively!"

The remedy was effective; intelligence returned to the dull eyes.

"You know how it is," he said, apologetically.

"Yes," answered Uncle Chris kindly. "I know how it is."

ANN looked at the round face of the clock, but did not see it. She lifted an armful of stockings and carried them up the steps; they were coarse stockings, such as people had taken to wearing because they could get no others. She emptied the counter and the lower shelves. The process seemed interminable.

"We'll never get done, Uncle Chris, never."

"Yes, we will. Are you afraid to climb up and drop things down?"

"Of course not!"

"Charley, you get all the wash-baskets. Don't fall, Ann!" It was as though he said, "Don't fall and add to my troubles."

"I won't," promised Ann.

"Boom!" said the deep voice from the hill. "Boom!"

Uncle Chris carried heavy burdens, boxes and bales of goods, and took one handle of the baskets. The second floor lost its look of neatness; Miss Sallie Saunders's boxes were overlaid by bolts of cotton and wool and silk.

Suddenly Ann found it necessary to cling with both hands to the upright piece to which she had been clinging with one. She slid down, her eyes wide, her face white.

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Chris.

"I don't know. I'm sorry. I—" In a flash she identified the cause of her faintness.

"I'm hungry, that's what's the matter!"

Uncle Chris smiled—Ann was always hungry. Then he looked up at the clock.

"Why, no wonder! It's one o'clock!"

He went out the back door and returned in a moment with a tray.

"Mrs. McClure isn't there, and I helped myself to bread and meat and jelly."

Ann's color returned with the first bite. Charles brightened also. Uncle Chris carried goods as he ate.

"I'm all right now," announced Ann.

"It won't make you too tired to do more?"

"No, indeed," insisted Ann. Finishing her last morsel of bread, she walked toward the door. The passing continued, but it was more

scattered, and there was greater haste. "Come back!" called Uncle Chris.

"Don't you suppose it's almost over?" asked Ann.

"I think it's just begun. Stay away from the door."

Humiliated, Ann worked on. Suddenly she laughed, partly from amusement, partly from nervousness, partly from a desire to make Uncle Chris laugh. She held up a woman's wrapper of flowered calico with a pattern of red and pink roses on a black ground. In order to make the design as realistic as possible the artist had added bees that sipped pollen from the flowers.

"Is that here yet?" Uncle Chris did not smile. "I meant to give that to Aunt Prudence long ago."

"Here are sunbonnets like she wears."

Ann worked while she talked, beginning her sentence at the bottom of the stairway and concluding it at the top. "It's two o'clock."

Her arms and legs ached; she believed that her back was bent forever. Civilians and military men came into the front of the store, talked to Uncle Chris and went out. The noise was now loud, now less loud; but there was always noise, the crack of musketry, the boom of cannon, and, if one stopped to realize it, a shaking of the earth.

"Night will come soon," said Ann at three o'clock, though there was at that moment no one near enough to hear her. "Then it will be over, and the Confederates will retreat, and I can go home to bed." It was a weary Ann who thought with desire of bed! She repeated her prophecy to Charles when she went downstairs. "It'll soon be over, Charley. Our men may not stop here; they may go after them."

Charles did not answer; he still worked on like a machine, but like a machine slowly running down.

"Charley!" called Ann. "Wake up!"

She stood halfway up the steps, her arms filled with dolls, the last commodity on a high tier of shelves. Everything was quiet, but it was an alarming sort of quiet, and instead of going on up the steps she came down. Uncle Chris was nowhere to be seen.

She walked toward the front door, then turned back. Uncle Chris had told her not to go to the door, and besides she was a little afraid. There were hoarse shouts in a new tone. She ran back to the steps and up to the second floor. There, scrambling over piles of goods, she approached the front windows.

THE street was more crowded than it had been when the Union soldiers marched four abreast. Those who filled it now were Union soldiers. But they no longer marched admirably in order and with stern purpose; they ran in wild confusion, and they ran not toward the foe, but away from him!

"Oh, no!" screamed Ann. "Not running!"

She lifted the window and looked out. There was a cracking sound, and she withdrew quickly. She believed for an instant that she had somehow injured her neck. She put up her hand; the injury, such as it was, was not in the region of the vertebrae but on her cheek. She brushed away a splinter—there was blood on her hand! There was another crack; she felt a puff of air on her face. She looked up. A spent bullet had imbedded itself in the frame above her head.

"They're shooting!" she said.

There were shouts in the street, "Run! Run!" There were fierce cries. She saw a man plunge on his face and wondered stupidly what had happened to him. Another plunged, another, all apparently without cause.

"Oh, God!" she prayed. "Stop them from running! Make them turn round and fight!"

On went the race. There was no clock here to tell the time, but the shadow of the building was growing long. Was night coming?

At last she remembered Uncle Chris. She could not stay here alone; she must get downstairs and find him. It could not be that he was killed or captured! Climbing monkey-like over the piles of goods, she hastened to the steps. Charles sat where she had left him, his head on his arm.

"Charley!" she called. "Wake up, Charley. Wake up!"

There was no answer from Charles, but there was a scuffle at the front of the store.

"Yes," said a familiar voice. "This is my store."

"Uncle Chris!" she called in a whisper which did not reach a foot beyond where she stood.

"I beg that you will let me stay here!" said Uncle Chris earnestly.

"No special privileges for you, or for some

other precious citizens of Gettysburg whose names we have. March!"

"Gentlemen, you may have children of your own. My little niece has been helping me. Let me see that she gets home. I give you my word of honor that I shall return."

"Your little niece is safe here. You Yanks seem to think we're demons! Go quietly with these guards. Your clerk, too."

With soldiers on each side Uncle Chris and Charles could do nothing but obey. Stepping backward up the stairs, Ann heard Charles groan. She looked toward the front of the store—there was no hiding-place. She looked toward the back—the simpering mannikins, sheet-covered or with ludicrous wire forms exposed, had disappeared entirely behind high-piled masses of sheeting and blankets and coverlets. The flowered wrapper which she had tossed to a shelf had come unfolded and, slipping down, hung by one sleeve as Bob's shirt had hung. Ann's proud heart felt a sickening longing—oh, for a glimpse of Bob!

From beneath rose a loud clamor, groans, shouts, pistol shots and, most dreadful of all, the thud of weapons against flesh, and the heavy thump of falling bodies. There was a noise nearer at hand; some one had come in over the shed roof, had stepped in the window behind the high-piled goods and was ascending the attic stairs. This she did not hear; she stood looking now this way, now that, paralyzed by fright.

The shouts below became commands.

"Headquarters here! Everybody out."

It seemed to Ann that everybody was coming in. The tramp of feet grew louder, the voices more distinct.



Taking off her shoes and carrying them in her hand, Ann tiptoed toward the low attic door

"Chased 'em!"

"Did for 'em!"

"Wait till tomorrow; there won't be a Yank left!"

"We'll have a second story to sleep in."

At this alarming announcement, Ann moved toward the back of the store, worming her way among the piles she had carefully erected, creeping at last among the wire frames of the mannikins. Here the light was bright. The sun sinking toward Seminary Ridge seemed to say, "Here she is, come and get her!" Remembering the bullets she had so narrowly escaped, she crouched close to the floor. The enemy might be in the houses on the next street, and they might shoot at any moving object. Still crouching low, she opened the attic door, crept through the doorway, closed the door after her and, trembling and faint, sat down at the foot of the tall, dark stairway.

Here everything was quiet. Amazed by a light, she looked up; it was not an artificial light, but a bar of horizontal sunshine. At this moment, and this moment alone in all the day, the sun sent a direct beam through the eyebrow windows.

Creeping slowly up the steps, she peered out. For an instant the sun dazzled her; then the sun was gone, and round the tall linden she could see Seminary Ridge, from which columns of smoke wound up into the still air. She thought of stealing down and out the back door and away, but the crack of musketry continued. Here she must stay, and here at once she must sleep, though there was no place to sleep, and though there was a great hollow within her.

Toward the front she could see only the eyebrow windows, and not the dusty floor or the distant door of the cubby-hole. Still less

could she see tracks across the floor, from the place where she stood to the cubby-hole door—the tracks of large shoes, any one of which would have made two of her own. Nor, dulled by exhaustion, did she hear little sounds, slight motions, long breaths and a whispered word answered by a softer "Hush!"

Taking off her shoes and carrying them in her hand, she tiptoed toward the low door. There she stood still, being awake enough to remember the disadvantages of such a sleeping-place. Spiders lived here and doubtless mice.

She opened the door and looked into the blackness. Perhaps it would be safe to lie down outside until she heard sounds of pursuit. But she was too sleepy to hear any sounds, and pursuers would come upon her unawares.

She was vaguely conscious not only of the intense heat of the attic, but of a strange odor as of men, and of gunpowder, and of camp fires.

The little sounds were rarer, but they were louder, as of breath held until it could be held no longer, or motions postponed until stillness became unendurable.

She felt a deadly sickness and did not connect it with the aroma of frying bacon rising from the street and from the back yards and from Mrs. McClure's kitchen. Terrified by a sound, she stepped into the cubby-hole and lay down on the floor and pulled the door shut. She placed her shoes close together and, putting her head upon them, was instantly asleep.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

"TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS, Silas!"

Silas nodded. "Yes and more. It's forty dollars a week. That's two thousand and eighty a year."

"Oh, Silas!" Kate sighed again, the flush of excitement on her cheeks and the glow of a great happiness in her eyes. "Let me see the letter?"

He passed it to her, handling it carefully, as a commission which he should wish to frame. She read it slowly, while beyond the screen of vines about the porch the crickets creaked, the frogs strummed and the katydids affirmed, denied and reaffirmed in strident tones. The lamp in the sitting-room bathed their corner in a soft light.

"Two thousand dollars a year! Why, Silas, that is more than Father and your father get together. And see what they have both saved!"

"We'll have to pay more rent, dear. Mr. Dennett said we couldn't get a flat for less than fifty dollars a month."

"But that leaves such a lot, Silas."

"Yes," he said, his enthusiasm racing with hers now; "and I don't have to go to the store till eight and get through at five-thirty."

"Oh, Silas! How happy we'll be!"

"You won't have any garden, dear."

"Oh, I won't mind. I'll have you. And perhaps by and by we can buy a little place and have a garden."

"Perhaps," he said, "but we must live near to the store to save car fare."

"And we'll come home for a two weeks' vacation every summer. And we'll have so much money."

Silas stared into the night, the store already before him, with its great rolls of woolen cloth, its huge cases which he would move about so easily to the wonder of the city-bred boys, its smooth quiet rush which he remembered so well. He could feel the strength which would drive him forward until he had a great roll-top desk with a revolving chair, from which he would guide the business. The path lay before him clearly marked. He knew it meant work, work, work; but work he loved, and every night he would be one step nearer the goal.

"It was Mr. Dennett, Kate, who got the place for me. He used to come to the store last summer."

"Mr. Dennett is a—an—a—" Words failed Kate. She smiled again happily.

So they stepped from youth into life; from the quiet of Saugerties into the whirl of a great city—Silas leading, his head erect, his face frankly responsive, clear and strong; Kate timid in the newness of it all, a strange loneliness upon her.

KATE turned from the window where she could see over the irregular tops of crowded tenements the glow of the setting sun. It was April. She thought the sun was so soft and warm, even on the walls and

Fool's Gold

By MARTIN MOORE FOSS

Illustrated by HAROLD CUE



"Silas, you are drying up. Your ambition has absorbed everything." Her voice broke a little, and she rose quickly

pavements, the sky so blue; her heart longed for the grass and budding trees. From the hallway came the clatter of children playing on the stairs; through the window, above the din of rattling truck and sounding horn and the cries of the crowded street, came the odor of cooking.

Kate went back into the gloom of the dining-room. The tiny rooms were so pretty, the furniture so new; if only there were a little patch of grass and a porch!

Yet in the months which had passed her spirit and her strength had risen, with her love, over her longings. If the sunset hour did carry her back to another window, where Mother sat waiting, at least it brought Silas—not every night, for, though the store closed at five-thirty, there were busy days and busy seasons when Kate ate her supper alone and struggled into the late hours with her sewing or her book.

She was not unhappy, she told herself again and again. Silas was doing well. On the face of it, her life was full and busy. And yet she knew that she was not entirely satisfied. At times, she could not drive away a terrible loneliness that descended on her in an oppressive cloud and made everything she looked at seem gray and dreary. Even with Silas, she sometimes felt this loneliness. Silas's ambitions often seemed so entirely separate from the day-to-day events of her own life. Yet never once was she wanting in sympathy and encouragement. And she never let him guess what was in her thoughts.

She knew his step above the hundreds which trod the stairs day and night; she could detect it when the din and clatter of children and tenants would have drowned the sounds to another ear. She could tell, too, whether it would bring him smiling and confident or frowning and worn. Tonight she

dreaded the step with a strange intuitive feeling that he would be fretted and nervous and his head tired. Yet she wanted him to come, and he did, his step heavy and his face seamed.

"Anything the matter, dear?" she asked, as they ate their supper.

"No. Just played out."

He ate rapidly and silently, his eyes fixed on his plate. At length he spoke quickly.

"I don't seem to get a fair chance. I thought I was going to do big things. But I am kept at little things day in, day out."

Almost the last spark of his courage, which she had sought as a shield in the newness of their life, had gone out. From the frank face of a boy who trusted men because they were men like himself, who found a friend to chat with on every corner and in every restaurant, his face had drawn in less than a year almost to a shell, which was lined with discouragement and distrust, not only of others but himself. At first, morning after morning, though worn perhaps the night before, he had faced his business with muscles tense and throbbing. It meant to him so much, this daily stride forward. But as the days became months and every morning the same routine faced him, with never a gain, he thought, the obstacles seemed to grow.

On this April evening his spirit was limp, almost broken. They sat together by the parlor table, Kate working on her accounts.

"I don't see where all the money goes to," Silas said. "We haven't saved a cent yet."

"Never mind. We will some day."

"I know you say so. But you said once we'd be rich soon on two thousand dollars a year."

A sob broke from Kate's lips before she could control herself. Silas turned to her, his face hard.

"Well—crying won't help it."

Somewhere in his soul a little demon, perhaps one of the germs he dreaded so, must have shuffled his feet in joy. If Silas went to business next morning with a little firmer step and brighter face, it was only the last glow of his dying courage. He had given up, and that night Kate stood again by the window, watching the reddening western sky, until the street lights began to twinkle. Should they have to go back to the country? Would he fail? Could she cheer him tonight and perhaps induce him to go out—where? In all New York, save Mrs. Dennett, whose husband was the superintendent of the store where Silas worked, she knew only the janitor, the grocer and the German woman who kept the delicatessen shop. Silas no longer loved the gayety of the streets, and the crowds which interested him once were mobs now, whose members irritated him as they had once roused his pity or his interest. The spirit of brotherhood in his soul was dead.

As she mused he came, not slowly and heavily as of late, but with the spring she knew meant joy.

"Oh, Kate!"
 "What is it, Silas—quick?"
 "I have been promoted! I am a salesman now!" And he made her a sweeping bow.
 Kate hugged him joyously.
 "One moment, madam," he went on gravely. "From now on I draw twenty-seven hundred dollars a year."
 "Oh, Silas!" And they danced through the tiny rooms together, knocking the furniture about and adding for almost the first time to the din of the block.

They dined out that night behind the glittering sign of a Broadway restaurant, the music and the clatter flooding their brimming hearts with a new joy.

And they moved away shortly from the crowded tenement to an apartment far uptown, where the park was near on one side, a little way above Riverside Drive, with the Hudson, "their river," hard by.

Mr. Dennett had seen and understood. The conventions of the firm had been laid aside to save the ingenuity and shrewdness of a boy who would work, who balanced originality with hard common sense.

Then the daily grind started again. The first month Kate said, "We were a little extravagant, dear, at the start, but we'll save next month."

The second month she stared blankly at the "little book." "I don't know where the money has gone—but it's gone."

Silas frowned. "I wish you would set aside a certain amount each month and live on the balance. I can't run both the house and the business."

Kate, with a weight in her heart which drew the lines of the mouth downward, faced her home-keeping alone. Silas watched only the results, with a face that grew harder day by day, that lost its responsiveness and lost, too, the light which Kate loved.

Sometimes in the evening they walked through the park or by the river.

"It is the same river," Silas said, but Kate only sighed. It was the same river, but it was in New York—it was wide here and dirty and often rough. Saugerties was far to the north, where the light streak showed in the sky. The only other lights were electric lights, artificial.

An old man tottered from a shadow, his shabby hat almost hiding his face.

"Oh, beg pardon, but could you help—"

Silas pulled Kate along by the arm.

In the passing lights Kate watched Silas's face as they walked back toward the house. She saw how the lines had drawn about his mouth, how the eyes narrowed, and she realized that day by day these tricks had grown into his expression. She did not understand. She longed to hold him to her. She knew that he came home evenings when business allowed, not to be with her, as she had felt before, but habitually, as a part of his daily routine. Quiet evenings at home had gone with the old life. Yet if she talked to him, she found how completely his new relation to the business filled his thought.

"We are going to make a go of it, Kate," he would say. "I can feel myself gain now every day. I get a chance to do things. And I love it!"

Responsibility had given back to him the strength and self-confidence which had almost broken once, but it had reared a wall about his soul, with only the business life inside and everything else beyond.

The rush of New York did not catch Kate in its current. She knew that Silas was being swept away from her, and that every thought and ideal of home which had been his were being washed from his mind in the whirling flood.

IT was the consciousness of this which made the light in Silas's eyes startle her, as he came in one night; a light it was of triumph and great joy. He seemed to want her in his happiness, and she felt a great throb. But she learned only how far away he had gone.

"Good news?" she asked.
 His face, filled with pleasure unrestrained like a boy's, was his answer.

"What is it—quick?" she insisted.

"Old French called me into his office today and offered me Dennett's place as superintendent."

"Oh, Silas, how good!"

"Good! Yes, good for four thousand and a place in the firm in sight."

"Is Mr. Dennett going into the firm?"

Silas smiled a curious little smile. "I guess not."

Kate was puzzled.

"You don't mean that he is going to leave?"

"Yes. He'll leave, I think."

"Silas!"
 "Well, I am not 'firing' him."
 "But you are crowding him out," she insisted.
 "I suppose so, Kate, but the better man wins in New York every time. Besides, he's getting old. He's past fifty, and it's time he was laid by. This is the young man's age."
 "But he has been so good to us," Kate said, a sob in her voice.
 "Don't be foolish! I haven't done any-

Indoor work, largely at a desk, had long since taken the sharp edge off his hunger. After supper he made another effort to compel Kate to see life as he saw it.

"Women are always soft about these things," he began. "Life is much easier in a country town, of course—and of course it's much easier for old people, because people respect them and don't try to shove them out of their usual positions or ways of doing things. But I didn't make New York. I'm

"Dennett is likely to be gathering firewood soon. I am hard. I can't feel bad about it—not even about Kate's going away."

He paused suddenly in his walk, conscious of the cross-town car line. He was at Forty-second Street, far from his home. To the right he saw the ferry house through which he and Kate had entered New York.

"Here I am—back where I started from," he said, a smile, half of bitterness, upon his lips. He walked toward the ferry, of half a mind to go across for the fresh air if there was a boat about to start. His thought went back to the day, five years before, when he and Kate had walked along this street on their wedding day.

"We must have been a pair," he mused. "But I was bound to win out—and I think now that I am going to. But Kate!"

The street was lonely, and the last block, with its bare brick walls, unwarmed even by the light of a tenement, seemed as barren as his soul. He came to the door of the waiting-room as a boat bumped into the slip, the crowd pushing by him in a rush for the cars.

A boy and a girl, hardly across the age-boundary to manhood and womanhood, hesitated by the door, seeming uncertain of the dreary street beyond. They were evidently from the country, a part of the daily stream which the railroads pour into the heart of the city from the green fields and woodlands. Silas watched them curiously, and the young man, catching his eye, came up hesitatingly.

"Can you tell us where we can put up for the night? We're strangers."

"Want a hotel?" Silas asked.

"If it doesn't cost too much."

Silas told them of a cheap hotel not far away, but there was something in the frankness of the boy's face which stirred him.

"Just married?" he asked.

The girl blushed. The boy answered genially: "Just married."

"Going to work in New York?"

"Yes," the boy answered.

"Got a place?"

"Yes. Clerk in a dry-goods store. Sarah is going to get a place, too."

They started to go away, Silas watching them, his throat filling in a way he had not felt in years.

"See here," he called to them. "I started just where you are five years ago. You better go back to the country. You'll be happier. But then you won't go back, I suppose. Then pitch in and work, work hard, but don't forget Sarah. She is more important than the job."

"You bet," the boy said, and he drew her arm through his as he led her away.

There was a new light in Silas's eyes. Kate had come back of an instant, and all that she had meant to him. The lights twinkled as he strode along. Ahead of him, like a memory, and a guide too, were the country boy and girl. He rushed past them with a nod.

"What a fool, fool, fool I've been!" he growled. "Everything in me came pretty near dying. He'll be like me, too, if they stay."

He bounded up the steps to the elevated and boarded an up-town train. Kate heard his step a few minutes later, and she slid away from the window to clear the untouched table. Silas broke in upon her.

The life of New York is like a whirlpool—like the waters of Hell Gate which surge about Ward's Island in the East River. Some of those who are drawn thither are sucked under and disappear; some are shot outward by an eddy, only to drift back again into the vortex; some, a very few, drift calmly in a wider circle, with the rush of the waters only a menace to them. None ever know the days of quiet and the nights of peace, the watch by the window, or on the porch, simplicity and contentment. Silas and Kate slipped away.

THEY sat together on the porch, boy and girl, looking away toward the Hudson darkening in the twilight.

"Are you going back to the store tonight?"

"Yes, dear, just for an hour. Will you come?"

They walked by the woodside down the long hill to the rambling creek. The September night shut in about them. Silas's arm slipped round Kate and he held her very close to him.

"Yes, the hours are long, but the work's pretty good fun," he said.

"I saved two dollars this week, dear," she said.

"I don't think so much of that now, just so I've saved myself—and you."

"Why I Like The Youth's Companion"

AMONG the 1859 helpful and charming letters received in our recent contest, the one that follows received the Second Prize, \$10.00 in gold:

Dunbar, Pennsylvania,
 January 27, 1927.

Editor, The Youth's Companion:

I speak as one having authority. I subscribed for The Youth's Companion for my grandson, to help keep it in the homes of my descendants. My own copy is sent to my daughter. As I write I have before me a copy of The Companion printed on September 4, 1833. The paper has been in our homes ever since that time, when my grandson's great-great-grandfather was a subscriber; and how long previous to that time, I do not know.

My father in early life became a subscriber, as did the members of his family when they established homes. From its earliest days, The Companion has been ours. It belonged to us, and we to it. As a boy of nineteen and later, my health was such that much of the time I could not attend school. The Companion



Mr. and Mrs. Hays on their Golden Wedding Anniversary

thing to Dennett. I've simply done my work as best I could for five years; and if it's been worth more to the firm than Dennett's, that is his fault, not mine. He didn't expect me to do my poorest when he got me the place."

She looked at him across the dinner table where they now sat, noting again the hardness of his face—a reflection, she thought, of the new soul inside him. At length she spoke.

"Silas."

"What is it, Kate?"

"If you refuse to take his place, will he be kept?"

"I am going to take the place."

"Would he be kept if you didn't?" she insisted.

Silas frowned in silence for a time. "I don't know," he said. "I don't believe that I have to know. Sooner or later, some young fellow is going to crowd him out—that's the way things go in the city."

Kate's eyes were flashing, and her cheeks were flushed. She looked fixedly at Silas across the table.

"I don't see why things have to be that way," she said.

"Women don't understand business," answered Silas. "A man in the city has got just so long to make his pile. Unless he's president of the company by the time he's fifty or so, or a mighty good friend of the president, there isn't much future for him—not in New York, anyway. Too many smart young fellows coming along."

"But what will happen to Mr. Dennett?"

"I don't know."

"Has he got any money saved up? Has he made his pile?"

"I don't know. I don't believe he has."

"But what will become of him?"

"I don't know." Silas's face was hard. He made it clear to Kate, by his sullen expression, that he resented her questions.

"Mr. Dennett got you your position."

"Well, I've worked hard, haven't I?"

"Oh, Silas, I never knew you could be so hard, so selfish."

He ate his supper sulkily, hardly vouchsafing a word to Kate. Her cooking was as good as ever it had been. But the food seemed tasteless—canned peas, chicken that had been a long time in the ice-box. Silas knew that he was not eating so well as he had eaten at home. But he had less appetite.

not responsible for the way things are here. I can't help it if the weakest go to the wall. I wish you'd try to help me, Kate, not just make objections. Wake up! This is New York—this isn't Saugerties."

"Silas, you are drying up. Every bit of good in your soul, every particle of noble, manly feeling is like husk. Your ambition has absorbed everything—even your love for me."

Her voice broke a little, and she rose quickly, going to the window.

"You don't understand, Kate. This isn't Saugerties. The streets are narrow here and full of people. So are the paths to success. If a man lags, you push him aside and step into his place. You can't wait for sluggards."

"No, it's not Saugerties," she answered slowly, and then, coming to him, she laid her hand firmly on his arm. "I like Saugerties. I don't like this. I don't understand it, and I won't believe in it. If you have lost your love for everything except the combat and prizes of business, you must go alone. You don't need me. I am going back to Saugerties."

"There, there, Kate!" he broke in.

"I mean it. I am not going to stay here, to risk my own happiness in the bitterness of all this. I knew that you were hard with people whom you didn't know; but Mr. Dennett—" Her voice choked and again she went to the window.

Silas explained, smiled bitterly, explained again, and then, half dazed and muttering, went out into the night. He knew that Kate would go. He was not sure whether he cared or not. Along to the avenue he went and then southward under the rattling elevated. He saw the tiny shops with their soiled wares and the evidences of crowded homes in the back rooms. The dreary hopelessness of such a business life came to him. He saw too, but vaguely, the silent swarms of discouraged, care-worn faces along the dirty thoroughfare—the dreary files which seem ever to be swarming along these highways of despair, their faces stamped to a common mold of hopelessness. He knew that five years ago his heart would have gone out to these people.

"Kate is right," he muttered. "I have dried up."

An old man trudged by, bearing a great bundle of firewood gathered in the streets.

IN ELEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II

WHEN the will was read it was revealed that whosoever came personally to claim the estate must claim it in his or her own name. So Cameron, instead of claiming the property for his father, was compelled to claim it for himself.

The legal business took more than two hours for a settling, during which time certain hotel employees were called in to act in the rôle of witnesses. Finally everything was duly testified to, sworn to and signed. When it was finished Moulton Pierce reached over and shook Cameron's hand, greeting him as the new head of the MacBain holdings and the richest person in Deep River. Then Pierce suggested to two exceedingly glum-looking individuals that it might be healthier for them and everybody else concerned if they left the community of Deep River. Apparently Hale and Stearns were of the same mind, for Stearns let it be known that he had been thinking for some time of moving to California, and Hale admitted being interested in locating elsewhere, probably out west with Stearns.

"Is that all you want of me?" asked lawyer Stearns, bluntly, after having fulfilled his duties as one of the three executors.

Pierce looked questioningly at Cameron and Mr. Ballinger. They nodded.

"That's all," he said.

The once highly important and pompous personage who had been one of the powers in Deep River strode out of the hotel room, taking leave of two men whom he had known for the past twenty years—taking leave of them perhaps forever. Yet circumstances did not permit of any show of sentiment on either side! Behind him slouched another, who had long been respected by Deep River residents as one who had enjoyed the confidence of and business association with the late lamented Cameron MacBain, but who had now forfeited this respect through a greed which rebelled because he had not been better provided for in the will. Jeffrey Hale had long counted on being made the sole beneficiary and, failing in this, had joined hands with lawyer Stearns to get what he could of the fortune in the MacBain estate.

"I feel as though I should be leaving, too," said Benbow Evans, brokenly, as Hale and Stearns departed. "I permitted Stearns to prevail upon me to the extent of thinking that it would be all right to form a buying syndicate and purchase the estate from the Deep River Welfare Association at a bargain price, converting the valuable MacBain holdings into cash, then, with the estate in our personal possession, taking advantage of the great real-estate boom which is soon to come, and cleaning up a big fortune. For years I had been after Cameron MacBain in an effort to get him to sell me part of his land, especially the property running along that main highway, now under construction. I could see how valuable this property was going to be some day, and I wanted some of it with which to speculate. But Cam wouldn't let any of it go. After a while I presume the desire for this property became almost an obsession with me. And then, when it seemed as though the plan suggested by Stearns was about to work out, this boy Cameron appeared to spoil things. It was Stearns who suggested the idea of putting him out of the way until the time limit was over, but it happened that I was the one who possessed the facilities, and so this responsibility was placed at my door. I made the arrangements against my better judgment, but once the deed was done I didn't see how I could withdraw without getting even more deeply involved. It was a relief to me to find that no harm had befallen Cameron after I learned that he had escaped.

"If ever anyone has suffered for any wrong steps taken, it is I. The hours since we came to this hotel in an effort to insure our safety against the will's being assailed have been of utmost agony to me. I tell you these things, not to excuse the part that I have taken in this sorry business, but to let you know of the remorse and humiliation which is mine!"

Cameron, listening to Mr. Evans's confession, and impressed with its sincerity, was deeply moved. It also hurt him to see the grief that her father's action had caused the girl with the golden hair, whose blue eyes were now dimmed with tears.

"There's really nothing for you to feel badly about, Mr. Evans," said Cameron, placing a hand tenderly on the real-estate man's shoulder. "What you had in mind to do never happened, so everything's worked out all right!"

Cameron MacBain Backwoodsman

By HAROLD M. SHERMAN and HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN



Cameron stood before a great framed picture of his uncle; there was something so lifelike in the painting that Cameron felt the lips moving in friendly greeting

FRANK BALLINGER, now that he had seen matters satisfactorily settled, was just as impatient as ever. This time he was impatient to be getting away.

"The sun'll be sprouting up in another hour!" he warned. "And it's been a strenuous day and night for all concerned. If I remember correctly, there's an early morning train that I can catch out for Edmonton. I'll do my snoozing on it. Take care of yourself, young man! I'll see that your father is relieved from his post on the first boat that makes Fort Seldon in the spring. Then he can come down and see what you've climbed into! Good-by and good luck!"

The Edmonton factor left without a show of heroics and before Cameron could adequately thank him for all he had done. "I'd like to know more men like him!" said Pierce, admiringly, when Ballinger had gone.

Cameron's eyes smarted.

It was late that day, after all had enjoyed a good rest at the hotel, when Cameron and Catherine and Evans and Pierce drove back to Deep River. This time Mr. Evans did the driving, and Cameron and Catherine occupied the back seat. And, because they were not in a hurry to get home, the trip was made without incident!

It was natural of course that Cameron should want to see the extent of the holdings which now were his, so a day was spent in going over the wonderful estate, Benbow Evans—the real-estate magnate—pointing out to the young heir the various features which made his property of such great value.

"But you haven't seen anything yet," smiled Mr. Evans, as Cameron expressed wonderment after wonderment. "I've saved the finest part of the estate to show you until the last. Now we'll have a look at your uncle's home!"

Moulton Pierce and Catherine looked at

each other knowingly as Mr. Evans unlocked the door of a residence which was almost hidden from the street by a cluster of trees and an expanse of lawn and landscape gardening. Cameron stepped across the threshold timidly, more timidly even than he had made entrance to the Evans home, than which he could have imagined no finer. The interior of the MacBain house, though its furniture had been placed under ghastly white canvases, gave every evidence of eclipsing anything that the factor's son had ever seen. As if anticipating his thoughts, Mr. Evans put them into expression.

"There's not a home in Deep River that can touch this place, my boy!"

And Moulton Pierce, his face sobering, addressed Cameron in a voice that was tinged with sadness.

"This home stands as a memorial to the one great tragedy in your uncle's life. He built it years ago for one whom he dearly loved, a woman whom he intended to make his wife. But the month before they were to be married she was thrown from a horse and so severely injured that she died. Your uncle was a changed man from that time on. He made his home in the house, but the real incentive for living seemed to have gone with her passing."

Cameron stood before a great framed picture of his uncle which hung in the living-room over the fireplace.

"The work of an artist friend who spent a summer in Deep River," Pierce told him.

There was something so lifelike in the painting that Cameron had the uncanny feeling of the lips moving in friendly greeting!

Catherine, sympathizing with Cameron's emotions, instinctively placed a hand upon his arm. They looked at each other with tears in their eyes—a boy from the Far North and a girl from the Middle West!

OLD BOB, the station agent, had just started in upon his round of duties the following morning when he was confronted by a lad in whom he had taken a cordial interest and a traveling man who patronized the railroad company often.

"Hel-lo, son! You're out early! How are you, Moulton! On vacation?"

The closest friend of the late Cameron MacBain smiled.

"I'm just taking a little time off to help the new Cameron MacBain get straightened around," he explained.

Old Bob shook his head. "There's been a sight happening in the past few days! It sure set this old town gasping!"

"Well, Cameron's saved a big gasp for you!" announced Pierce, his eyes twinkling. "Speak up, young man, and tell old Bob what you've got in mind!"

But Cameron, now that the moment had come, was suddenly shy.

"You—you tell him!" he pleaded.

Moulton Pierce laughed. "Not me! I'm just in charge of your estate in the capacity of guardian. I wasn't contracted with to do any hiring!"

Cameron swallowed embarrassedly as the white-haired station master blinked his wonderment.

"Well, I—er—that is," stammered the factor's son, finding his new rôle a difficult one to fit into on such short notice. "Mr. Hale isn't managing the general store any more, and I—we—" Cameron looked appealing at Mr. Pierce.

"Don't drag me in on this!" warned his guardian, good-naturedly. "It was your idea from the start!"

"Well, then," said Cameron, gathering courage, "I thought perhaps you might be willing to take charge of the general store, seeing that you're so well known in Deep River. I'm sure you—"

"But I don't know nothing about store business, lad!" protested old Bob.

"That doesn't make any difference," answered Cameron, quickly. "You're just the kind of man that I—we—no, I—the kind of man that I want in the store!"

"Bravo!" applauded Pierce, laughing.

Old Bob scratched his head, secretly very much pleased and considering himself highly complimented.

"Well, now, it's a funny thing, but I've often thought of how I'd like to change that store around if I was running it! It might just be possible, but, say—what's this here railroad a-going to do without me?"

From the way old Bob asked the question it was evident that he was not worrying in the least. He took off his station master's cap and tried to imagine himself in a store-keeper's apron and shirt sleeves. Then he reached out a hand which shook just a little and smothered a choking feeling in his throat with a slight clearing sound.

"That's just the gasp you said was coming to me!" he said to Moulton Pierce by way of explanation.

RED BAUER, surveyor and forest engineer, with his two assistants, Jerry Lathrop and Carl Holcomb, lolled about the little cabin which they had taken for the winter in Fort Seldon. It was situated but a few paces from the cabin occupied by Matthew MacBain, factor of the post, and his wife.

"For the love of Mike!" complained Red of Jerry, who was fingering the dials of the radio set. "Station CXG again! Why don't you lay off that station? Its programs are punk! If there was to be anything on the air about the kid, it 'ud have gone on long ago. Here it is—the middle of October!"

"Pipe down!" rejoined Jerry, bringing the station in clearer. "You should be hounded every day like I am by that boy's father! He's almost frantic to hear something from his son. Has been blaming himself ever since for letting the kid go!"

"Yes, and we're largely responsible for the whole thing!" reminded Carl, stretching himself out sleepily. "If it hadn't been for our radio and—"

"Hold on! Here it is! Get old man MacBain over here, quick!"

"What's the matter? What's the big joke?"

"Beat it, you dumb head! Don't you hear that announcer? The kid's going on!"

Which proves what a nightly vigilance on the radio will do. Jerry, the most persistent of the three who were shut off with the rest of Fort Seldon inhabitants from the news of the world, had made it a habit to tune in nightly on station CXG, St. Paul, in the hope that some word would be forthcoming

from the youth who had gone adventuring into unfamiliar lands.

Matthew MacBain and his wife were sitting quietly in their snug little cabin, Mr. MacBain reading a bit from the Bible and Mrs. MacBain doing a bit of sewing, when a wild thumping sounded on the door and Red's face appeared.

"Step on the gas, folks! Double-quick it over to our place! Your son's on the air!"

The world's sprint record for folks well over forty is a matter of conjecture, but it is certain that the covering of the distance to the surveyors' cabin that evening by the factor of the post and his spry little wife would have compared favorably to time set by far more youthful aspirants. As they stumbled breathlessly in at the door, they were greeted by the voice of their own son!

"Dear father and mother," the voice said, "station XCX has told me to talk right to you in the hope that you might be listening in. I suppose the first thing you'll want to know is how I'm feeling. I'm feeling fine! I got to Deep River all right, but I had a little trouble proving that I was who I said I was. Mr. Ballinger came down to help me out, though, and everything's worked out great!"

"Frank Ballinger!" exclaimed Matthew MacBain. "So he did that for me!"

"I don't know as there's much more to say," the voice continued, after an awkward moment of hesitation, "except that Mr. Ballinger said he was going to see that dad gets relieved from his post the first boat in the spring; and then you folks can come down and see the property that Uncle Cameron left. Maybe you'll want to live here when you get here. It's really wonderful, and there's lots to do. If you're listening to what I'm saying, I know it's over that radio set that the surveyors have, and I want to thank them for what they've done for us. The next time they come down to the States they're invited to come out to Deep River for a long visit. Well, I've got to be stopping now. Lots of love, folks! Don't worry, I'm getting along fine. And spring'll be here in a jiffy! Good-by!"

Mrs. MacBain reached out after her son's voice as though the parting from it was a physical thing. The factor of the post put a trembling hand to his eyes as the announcer's voice came on again and related more of the details concerning what he termed the remarkable locating of an "heir by air."

"Boys, I'm much obliged to you," said Matthew MacBain. "You'll have to be accepting Cameron's invitation just as soon as you can make it!"

"You won't have to urge us!" replied Red, with genuine enthusiasm. "We'll be there!"

AS Cameron left the broadcasting studio of station XCX he was joined in the ante-room by a girl with dancing blue eyes and golden hair.

"Oh, Cameron, you did wonderfully!" she congratulated.

Cameron looked at her queerly.

"How do you know?"

"I listened in out here," she said, pointing to a loud speaker which had been given the form of an opened book.

"It wasn't as hard as I thought it was going to be," Cameron confessed. "I just kept thinking I was talking to dad and mother—and I was so anxious for them to hear me. Do you suppose they really did?"

Catherine smiled at the boy from the Far North who was now beginning to get accustomed to his new environment.

"I think they did!" she answered, reassuringly. "I felt it!"

Moulton Pierce, who had been talking to the director of the station, met the young couple in the hall.

"What would you say if your guardian suggested that you take this young lady down and treat her to an ice-cream soda?" he inquired, with a show of great humility.

"I'd say it was a mighty fine suggestion!" seconded Cameron; then, rather shyly, "That is—a—if Catherine would—"

"She would!" finished Catherine, gayly. And the three set off together.

THE END.



"There's been a sight happening the past few days!"

The Straw that broke the camel's back

THE old fable is true. The last straw was the little bit too much. Piling on a little at a time finally makes the load too great.

And just so taking away from quality, taking away a little bit at a time finally breaks down Serviceability.

Low prices are attractive. And so a vast amount of merchandise is today offered for sale that is made to sell and not made to serve.

A little quality is taken away, and the price lowered. A little more and the price reduced five cents further. Skimping, adulteration, and substitution are the ever-present temptations in making prices too low.

Montgomery Ward & Co. met this "cheap goods" question fifty-five years ago! In the beginning, Mr. Ward laid down the cornerstone policy of this business: "Always to offer a saving—but never to sacrifice quality to make a low price." For fifty-five years we have adhered to that

policy in the full spirit of the Golden Rule.

At Ward's your satisfaction comes first. Your lasting friendship comes first. We would rather keep our old customers, rather deserve Your confidence, than win thousands of new customers through cutting quality to make price "baits."

And so Riverside Tires keep all their old quality. We do not use lighter fabric, or dispense with new live rubber to lower their price. Our "all wool" means all wool. At Ward's Quality comes first—then low price.

No merchandise power in the world can buy cheaper or sell cheaper than Ward's. Sixty million dollars in cash is used to buy goods in the largest quantities so that we can always quote lower-than-market prices. But we will never cut quality, never sacrifice your satisfaction to make a price.

A Price too low—makes the Cost too great.



An example of Ward Quality

This shoe has a second sole as good as the outer sole. Similar appearing shoes are sold at 25 cents less—by making the second sole of leather costing 20 cents instead of 45 cents. Such shoes are worn out when the first sole wears through. The saving in cash is 25 cents—the loss in serviceability at least \$2.00.

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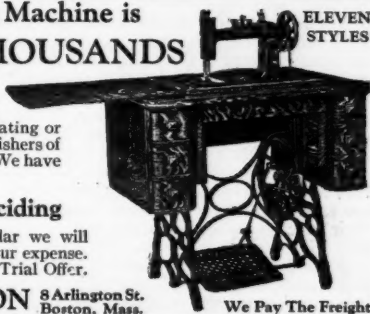
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FACT AND COMMENT

"WELL done never dies." Ask the historians. Ask the biographers, the makers of monuments, the singers of old brave songs. Ask any of us who has drawn strength and benediction from some good life that wrought well for God and fellow man, before our eyes. "Well done never dies."

AN ARTIST is a person who can entertain and please you in doing something that is in itself not particularly interesting. You have to put words or musical sounds or pigments or dance steps together in a very special way to make them worth listening to or looking at.

IN AN ARTICLE that analyzes the vital statistics of the United States for 1923 American Medicine points out that the effective birth rate—the excess of births over deaths—was for the white population 10.1 per thousand, and for the colored population 8.6 per thousand. But the comparatively small Japanese population had an effective rate of 46 per thousand, due partly to the fact that most Japanese in the country are people of the best age to have families. About 69 per cent of the births were in families where both parents were born in this country. What percentage were of the "old" American stock there is no way of finding out.

TONY

THIRTY years ago an old New England family of American stock found that it could no longer "make a living" from the ancestral acres. The farm was only thirty miles from Boston, moderately good land originally, but worn out by long and careless agricultural methods. The family was in danger of becoming "town charges." The father sold the old place, took his wife and children to a near-by city, and disappears from the story. Whether or not he prospered away from the farm we do not know.

The man who bought the farm was an Italian immigrant, a thrifty and industrious fellow from Lombardy. He had a wife and became the father of four children. He put hard work and plenty of fertilizer into the ground. Within five years he had built a new barn for the cows he had begun to keep. Then he tore down the decrepit old farmhouse and built a comfortable though small dwelling in its place. Next came a row of well-built sheds for his tools and work shops; then a new horse barn—for he understood horses better than modern farm machinery. All the time his family lived simply, but more comfortably than the American family he had succeeded; the children were well clothed and sent through the town schools, though they all had plenty of work to do outside of school hours. Today the Italian has one of the best farms in that part of the state, with well-kept buildings and an excellent cash business in vegetables and fruits. And he has \$15,000 in the bank. His children have grown up and gone away to do for themselves. He has taken an orphan boy, a state ward, to whom he pays twice as much in wages as the state requires. He is teaching the boy how to farm, how to save his money, how to carry responsibility.

Tony is growing old, but his greatest happiness is to work at restoring the waste part of his farm, which the loose methods of the American family had permitted to revert to bushy pastures and third growth birch and

pine scrub. He clears the land, pulls the stumps, digs out the stones, plants the ground first to hay and then to vegetable crops. Acre after acre he has in this way transformed from unkempt and unprofitable idleness into cheerful fields of green that laugh back happily into the pleased face of their creator. You should see Tony's eyes sparkle as he looks at those fields, and hear him say softly to one who stands beside him, "Well, I leave the world better when I go."

A sturdy, useful citizen is Tony, respected by all who know him, beloved by all who know him well. He has brought something worth while from Italy to America. Massachusetts is a better state, the United States a better country, because he is here.

THE FIRST AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY at Baltimore was the first American institution of learning to put its emphasis on graduate or post-collegiate study. It is now the first to aim at establishing here in the United States a true university in the sense that the word conveys in all the other countries of the world.

The American college is a distinctly American contribution to educational method. Nothing like it exists elsewhere; for it cuts across the really fundamental division between secondary and university schooling. It takes boys who in England would still be in the "public schools" like Eton or Westminster, or who in Germany would still be in the gymnasia. Then it carries them through four years, during the last two of which they are capable of doing true university work. One result is that boys who are going on into true professional or "graduate" work get a later start than they need have. Another result is that our universities, whether maintained by the states or privately endowed, find their graduate schools more or less overshadowed by the size of their undergraduate colleges, and a good deal hampered in their work by the necessity of fitting their courses on to an unnaturally prolonged preparatory period.

It is probably no use to talk of making much change in the college as it exists today. It is too well established in the affections of its alumni and in the educational system of the country. And it still serves a real purpose in giving an excellent general education to boys and girls who intend to go no further than the B.A. or the B.S. degree. But Johns Hopkins has a plan of its own, intended to help the professional student who is going to make his course of study the foundation of his life work. It will not maintain any undergraduate college at all. It will, however, accept boys who have done two years of work at other colleges of good standing and start them at once on the strictly professional work that leads to a doctor's degree in medicine or science or philosophy and a bachelor's degree in law. Where other institutions have made an unofficial but none the less real break in educational methods, dividing the work of the junior college,—freshman and sophomore years,—from that of the senior college, —junior and senior years,—Johns Hopkins takes the problem firmly in hand by letting the junior college go into other hands, and devoting itself exclusively to giving its students a real university training.

In this sense Johns Hopkins is the first true American university. It will be interesting to see how it thrives, and whether or not any other institutions will come to follow its example.

THE COST OF SHOPPING

MANY women must have asked themselves at one time or another why their clothes, in proportion to the material used in them and the work expended on them, are so much more expensive than men's.

Not long ago the question was put to a large retail dealer. In answering it he called attention to some of the things that perhaps women seldom think of, but that throw light on the matter.

First, in the matter of selling, it costs about one third more to serve women than men, because they take so much more of the salesman's time. Then, in most instances, they require alterations to suit their individual tastes. Men, on the other hand, make their selections quickly and ask only for such alterations as affect the fit. The workroom and the payroll in the women's alteration department are usually about four times as large as those in the corresponding department for men.

In millinery the difference is even more marked. A well-equipped millinery department must employ high-priced designers, trimmers and helpers, whereas the average man, when he buys a hat, is content to point to one on a form and say, "Give me one of those, size seven."

The merchant also called attention to the fact that it costs about twice as much to advertise women's goods, and that there is the same disproportion in the costs of carrying the charge accounts, since women expect longer credits.

Delivery is another great expense, especially the "immediate delivery", that modern trade demands.

Finally, there is the expense and loss attendant upon sending goods on approval. The practice makes it necessary to carry a larger stock than would otherwise be required, calls for extra bookkeeping and entails losses through goods that become soiled or torn.

The merchant summed up his statement by making a table that stood thus, in cents:

Normal operating expense.....	20.5
Unnecessary cost of shopping.....	8.2
Charging.....	7.6
Alterations.....	3.6
Special delivery.....	1.6
Sending goods on approval.....	3.5
	45.0

Which means that out of every dollar that a woman spends for clothing, fifty-five cents is all that represents permanent value.

What can be done about it? Nothing, perhaps; certainly nothing by individuals or by any small group, for the lot of the most careful and economical is bound up with that of her careless and irresponsible sisters. But it would be interesting to see what large groups of women could do if they set their minds to it.

THIS BUSINESS WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

TUMULTUOUS CHINA

REVOLUTION roars through China. At Shanghai, where Chiang Kai-shek himself is in command of the Cantonese troops that have taken the native city, a fair degree of order seems to prevail after the riots that inevitably accompanied the fighting in and around the town. At Nanking the revolutionists are more or less out of hand. One American, Doctor Williams, the vice-president of Nanking University, was killed, and other Western residents were threatened with death. But the readiness of the British and American gunboats to shell the city, if any further harm came to the foreigners who had taken refuge in the international compound, so far restrained the mob that it permitted the refugees to escape to the war ships. More United States marines have been ordered to Shanghai, for there is likely to be need for their services in protecting American lives and property in that vicinity for a long time to come.

A WICKED FORGERY

IT is reported from Washington that the State Department has discovered a clever but wicked plot to involve this country and Mexico in war. Some one has deliberately forged communications, purporting to be addressed by Secretary Kellogg to United States representatives in Mexico, and placed those forgeries in the hands of President Calles, in the hope of causing him to take action that would result in a breach of all our relations with Mexico. The mysterious note we referred to two weeks ago, in which Secretary Kellogg appeared to have ordered American representatives in Nicaragua to take definite steps to secure the election of Diaz to the Presidency, may have been part of this far-reaching plot against the peace of the country. The State Department, it will be remembered, denied that the note was genuine. So far we do not know what persons or interests were implicated in the conspiracy. Whether the State Department knows does not appear.

DENOUNCING A TREATY

ONE step the American government has taken which may reasonably be expected to arouse hostility in Mexico. It has "denounced" the treaty which covers the

matter of smuggling between the two countries, a treaty which has been of service to this country in diminishing the supply of contraband liquor coming across the border. No statement has been made at Washington concerning the matter; but the termination of the treaty indicates dissatisfaction on the part of President Coolidge with the way Mexico is dealing with the question of American property rights in that country, and some people profess to think that it will be followed by the raising of our embargo on the export of arms to Mexico, a step which would permit revolutionary bands to arm themselves more efficiently. We may mention the fact that a movement to boycott all goods made in the United States has arisen in Mexico. It is attributed to the leaders of the "Crom," or Regional Federation of Mexican Workmen.

MOVIES IN RUSSIA

ASCANDAL has shaken the motion-picture industry in Russia, which, like most other important activities, is wholly under government control. An immense amount of money is reported to have been wasted in extravagant and inefficient production, because the authority over such matters was placed in the hands of favorites of the soviet leaders who were utterly ignorant or shamelessly corrupt. One director, who spent a lot of money on a propaganda picture which proved perfectly hopeless, defended himself by saying that he had done his best, but, being a tinker by trade, he knew little about motion-picture technique. It is reported that more than fifty directors and officials of the "Goskino," as the state motion-picture corporation is called in Russia, are under arrest or investigation, and some of them will be lucky if they are not shot, since as officials of the government their misconduct is regarded as treason.

THE NATION'S WEALTH

THE National Industrial Conference Board estimates the entire wealth of the United States at \$355,300,000,000, which amounts to about \$3000 for every man, woman and child in the country. This enormous sum is almost twice the estimated wealth of the country in 1912, but, owing to the general increase in prices, its purchasing power is said to be less than one fifth greater than that of our wealth fifteen years ago.

SUCCESSFUL ITALIAN DIPLOMACY

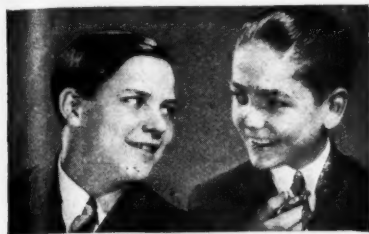
THE latest diplomatic skirmish in the always restless Balkans seems to have resulted to the advantage of Italy. Premier Mussolini's treaty with Albania, by which Italy got special military and commercial privileges in that country, naturally stirred up protests in Jugo-Slavia, as the new Serbian state is called. But Mussolini was clever enough to attach Bulgaria and Rumania to his interest, and France, on which Jugo-Slavia relied for support, has hesitated to take any decisive step. So the Jugo-Slavian protests appear to be going for naught, and Mussolini has succeeded in strengthening the Italian position on both sides of the Adriatic Sea.

A LUCKY INVENTOR

WE spoke a few weeks ago of the opportunities for ingenious young inventors that are offered by the eagerness of the public to take advantage of every advance in comfort or convenience through mechanical improvements. Now we hear of a young Russian named Josepho, who has just perfected a quarter-in-the-slot machine that will take your photograph while you stand before it. He has sold the patent rights to a corporation that has paid him a million dollars for them. No doubt the "photomaton" will soon be an indispensable feature of every holiday resort in the country.

BUSES AND RAILWAYS

ACCORDING to a report of the Interstate Commerce Commission there are now 22,368 automobile buses in regular operation in the United States, and their routes cover a total of 352,800 miles—which is considerably more than the entire railway mileage of the country. Of course they cannot carry nearly so many passengers as the railways, since a bus can hold only a small fraction of the people that a railway train can accommodate; but the increasing importance of autobus passenger traffic makes the question of properly regulating such traffic of very great moment.



Time to teach your unruly hair its place!

Let's Go!

All day your hair will lie down now... Try this popular dressing—free

No matter where you go there's one thing you don't have to worry about, today.

And that's your hair.

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From Maine to California, fellows now use Stacomb. Stacomb makes the wildest hair lie smoothly in place, all day long.

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Your hair never looks gummy, with Stacomb. Nor dry and brittle, as wetting with water makes it. Stacomb is actually beneficial—it helps to prevent dandruff.

Stacomb comes as a combing cream—in jars and tubes—and now in the popular new liquid form as well. All drug stores.

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Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:—
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MISCELLANY

Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant

April 30, 1878.

First elevated railroad in New York

THE train ran high above the cobbled street, And ancient citizens were heard to grumble, "I wouldn't ride in that for tons of wheat! Suppose the dratted thingumbob should tumble?"

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

LIFE'S NAMELESS VOICES

The Companion's Religious Article

IT is said, and apparently on good authority, that, if the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln in 1860 could have got to balloting on Thursday evening, William H. Seward would have been nominated. But the time for the ballot came unexpectedly, and the clerk announced that the tally-sheets had not arrived from the printer. A restless delegate, whose name has never been discovered, moved "that this convention do now adjourn until ten o'clock tomorrow morning." That nameless voice called Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, and in the night changes were effected and compromises made that changed history.

We do not know the name of the Hebrew who, making insolent reply to Moses, who had reproved him for striking a fellow Hebrew, drove Moses into forty years of exile and brought about the Exodus. A majority of the books of the Bible were written by men who had no ambition to record their names. John the Baptist is known to us, but he imitated an Old Testament prophet in his desire to be only "a Voice crying in the wilderness."

We are not able to trace with any degree of accuracy the influences that have shaped our lives. A few of them we recall—the admonition of parents, the wise word of a teacher, the invaluable suggestion of a friend who did not know how much he helped us, the chance remark of an acquaintance who said something that helped us more than he ever knew or suspected—all this we may be able to recall. But for the most part we do not know and cannot begin to catalogue the influences that have made us what we are.

In the symphony of life there are few solo parts. Now and then an instrument is heard distinctly above the noise of the orchestra with a note beautifully harmonious or sadly dissonant, but for the most part we hear the orchestra and not the particular instruments. How many sermons have we heard, and how few do we remember? Yet, some of those we do not recall helped to influence and shape our lives! How much of instruction seemed to go in at one ear and go out of the other, yet some of it registered in passing!

We are following voices, some of which have long been silent, yet whose wisdom has made us wiser, whose encouragement has made us braver, whose cheer has brightened our way.

It is not necessary we should know all the voices that have guided us; enough if we have been guided and have followed the voices that have opened before us the paths of duty and of service.

ACUTE INDIGESTION

The Companion's Medical Article

IT is not unusual to read obituary notices in the newspapers which tell us that so-and-so died suddenly of acute indigestion. To the ordinary, healthy person, or even to one who knows from personal experience what dyspepsia is, it seems incredible that a man can die from such a simple cause, however distressing a condition it may produce. Acute indigestion is a purely functional disturbance of the stomach's powers; that is to say, there is no disease, properly speaking. The stomach simply stops work for a time, either because it is overloaded

and, despairing of finishing its job, doesn't undertake it, or because something has been put into it that either is absolutely indigestible or irritates the lining membrane of the organ, or because the nervous system has received a shock and fails to transmit the proper signals to the quiescent stomach.

Whatever the cause, there may be no symptoms for a time, and the unsuspecting victim may pass a few hours after the meal entirely oblivious of his stomach, as a healthy person should. Then of a sudden the case alters; perhaps he is awakened from sleep with headache, nausea, heartburn and short breath. The abdomen is distended with gas which presses upward on the diaphragm and obstructs the action of the heart and lungs. That causes a rapid pulse, palpitation, pain in the region of the heart, radiating up to the left shoulder, and increasing difficulty in breathing.

Now, if the heart is weak or diseased, the moment is critical. The pressure must be relieved at once or the heart may stop. In mild cases the gas may be relieved by a couple of charcoal tablets or a little bicarbonate of soda, and the immediate danger passes; but there is still a mass of undigested material in the stomach which must be got rid of. A quickly acting emetic is required; if there is none at hand, it will often serve to tickle the throat with the finger. As soon as this course has emptied the stomach, the heart action will subside and the exhausted sufferer will fall asleep. In the morning a dose of salts or of castor oil will complete the cure. Of course there are many cases of acute indigestion which merely cause discomfort and take on no such threatening aspect as we have described.

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

HERE are twenty more questions, which The Companion offers as a test of your general information. Grade yourself and your friends by percentage of correct replies. For instance, twenty correct answers score 100 per cent, ten correct answers score 50 per cent, and so on. Don't consult the answers on page 297 until you have answered the questions:

1. Who was the painter of "The Blue Boy"?
2. What city in China is the center of the present revolutionary movement?
3. Who was Abraham Lincoln's opponent in the famous public debates of 1858 and later in the Presidential campaign of 1860?
4. Who is the amateur tennis champion of the United States?
5. Why are "center-boards" used in small yachts?
6. Of what country is Oslo the capital?
7. Who was the medical officer who cleared the Panama Canal Zone of yellow fever?
8. In what city are the most automobiles made?
9. In what state are the "Bad Lands"?
10. Who founded the Methodist Church?
11. How can you get the points of the compass from your watch on a sunny day?
12. Which is the largest living creature?
13. What is the "Crescent City"?
14. What bodies of water does the "Soo" canal connect?
15. What is the most obvious difference between a camel and a dromedary?
16. Whose researches established the bacterial origin of many diseases?
17. Why is Bobby Jones famous?
18. Who is the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court?
19. How many volts are there in the usual electrical circuit for lighting our homes?
20. What Roman general gave rise to a familiar phrase when he "crossed the Rubicon"?

The answers to these questions are on page 297.

THIS WILL PLEASE THE VEGETARIANS

DOGS are usually thought of as carnivorous or flesh-eating animals; but, according to reports from London, a British veterinary surgeon named Kennard has made some interesting experiments that seem to indicate that puppies will thrive on a diet of fruit even better than on the food that they are supposed to require. His first experiment was performed on a litter of *borzois*. He fed half of them the customary foods given to dogs; the other half were given

(Continued on page 297)

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It is good looking, a modern watch: the new model has an "antique" bow instead of the old-fashioned "ring" bow. It is a watch you can be proud of.

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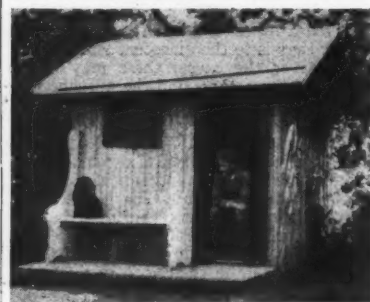
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74th Weekly \$5 Award

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "The Director is empowered to make a Cash Award of \$5.00 weekly to the Member or Associate Member submitting a project of unusual merit. Such an award raises an Associate Member automatically to the grade of full Member."



HERE, for the 74th Weekly Award, is as neat a construction project as has come under our eyes for some time. It is a small house designed by coworkers, Edward W. Lightfoot and James W. Albert, 15 and 13 years of age, respectively; both members of the Lab and both of Fall River, Mass. They share in the award jointly. We quote from their report:

"Our house is 7 ft. 3 in. by 6 ft. 2 in. and measures 7 ft. 6 in. in height to the peak and 5 ft. 9 in. under the eaves. It is constructed of matched and beaded batter boards nailed to a framework of 4 by 4 in. and 2 by 4 in. beams and is lined on the inside with Beaver board. The roof is supported by three rafters, has no ridge-pole and is covered with part of a roll of fire-proof roofing. There are three windows, which average about 25 by 20 in., and one door. We had some draw-back curtains made at home which fitted some shades on the windows. For the inside we made a table and a bench and several shelves, while for the outside we had a seat sawed out which we nailed to the side. We have given the house one coat of paint and are planning to give it another coat. We also intend to run another extension electric light from the big house near by. The trim of the house is green."

The Secretary's Notes

THE Lab has a new Councilor. Permit us to introduce to you Mr. Stephen G. Simpson, S. B., instructor in Analytical Chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who will hereafter care for the Y. C. Lab's chemists and chemical engineers. Mr. Simpson is a teacher of over ten years' experience at the Institute, is co-author of a standard work on chemical calculations, and will be an invaluable addition to the Lab's corps of specialists.

He will answer all chemical inquiries and will very shortly contribute several articles on the fascinations of the home chemical laboratory.

Day by day, the study of chemistry assumes a greater importance in the lives of all of us. The chemistry of great industrial processes is receiving closer study than ever before. At the other extreme, the chemistry of cookery is being intelligently studied for the first time in history. The possibilities of study in the great science are almost unlimited, even with modest apparatus, and all members should watch closely for Councilor Simpson's first contribution.

All members are urged to take advantage of the services of the new Councilor by sending any chemical inquiries they may have to the Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Twelve Thousand Coupons

A GOOD many, you'll agree. We have printed the coupon once a week, with a few exceptions, and, despite its smallness and its modesty, twelve thousand have come back to us from boys eager to hear more of the Y. C. Lab. Suppose we took those returned coupons and printed them in The Youth's Companion—all of them. We could fill every page in the magazine with them, not for one week, but for fifteen; and even then, there would be more, for they come in increasing quantities every week. Have we yours? Clip it now if we haven't, and let us know of your interest in the things the Lab stands for. The Secretary will send you full particulars on how to join.

ELECTION COUPON

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work.

Send me full particulars of the Y. C. Lab, and an Election Blank upon which I may submit my name for Associate Membership.

Signature.....

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Silhouettes:

A Fascinating Enterprise



Herbert Sawyer

4's to bring about a 4 to 1 reduction. The tracer should now be moved over the larger outline. The pencil will simultaneously construct a smaller one. Although the reduction will tend to eliminate errors, you should still work with all possible care. Expression is a subtle thing, and lack of attention to small details will mar the finished result. If you work carefully, however, the result of your efforts will be a life-like outline of the profile in one quarter the original size. You can now cut this out



Robert MacDonald

with small, sharp scissors and paint it black with India ink. If you are able to obtain some black paper of good surface, utilize it instead. This can be done by placing the reduced outline and the black paper together and cutting round the outline while holding the two sheets

firmly together. The silhouette can then be mounted on heavy white cardboard, and the results should give you a faithful likeness. The two reproductions above show possibilities of the process. We have immortalized Members MacDonald and Sawyer in black and white quite effectively, although we need not have limited ourselves to profile portraits. A head-on view would of course be impossible, but any object which will cast a satisfactory and not too complicated shadow can be handily reduced to silhouette form. The Director would be glad to see examples of such work.

HARRY I. SHUMWAY
Governor-in-Charge,
Experimental Laboratory,
Wollaston, Mass.

Special Cash Award

Extract from By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "At the option of the Director, one or more Special Cash Awards, not exceeding \$2.00, may be granted every week to Members or Associate Members submitting deserving projects or suggestions. Such an award raises an Associate Member automatically to the grade of full Member."

NO finer photograph and no more convincing display of model-constructional ability has recently been apparent than that submitted by Member Gus Beranek (19) of Chipewa Falls, Wis.

Member Beranek damages his cause slightly by submitting only the bare details of his construction. "The wing spread," he reports, "is 82 in., the fuselage is 50 in. The weight is 4½ lbs."

The time of construction, Member Beranek reports, was 540 hours, or the equivalent of about 67 days of 8 hours each. Member Beranek says that he has already started work on a second plane to fly under its own power, and the Director awaits further details. Here is obviously a constructor of marked ability.



Proceedings

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "There shall be published every week in The Youth's Companion the current proceedings of the Y. C. Experimental Lab at Wollaston, Mass."

MARCH 9: Did some final work on the treasure chests. They were fitted with brass padlocks and plates. The inside of each was varnished mahogany. They look very neat.

MARCH 10: Began building a potter's wheel, so that we can continue our experimentation in pottery. For the wheel we dug up an old Ford front wheel and spindle. This is heavy enough to keep revolving for some time, once it is spun. We made a shallow box for the base and sunk the spindle in cement. This will make a firm support for the wheel.

MARCH 11: Made a heavy wooden top for the wheel. This had to be dug out to slip over

the hub. The sun dial has been roughly treated by the elements; so we gave it a new coat of paint, new lines and figures.

MARCH 12: Made a small electric torch which works on a storage battery, a project sent in by Associate Member Richard B. Pekar. An interesting little thing to make, and it has an extremely hot point.

MARCH 14: The cement failed to hold the spindle on the potter's wheel; so we had to rig up another idea. This time we anchored it to a boat with bolts and dowels. It is now firm. Made some silhouettes with the aid of a pantograph, as suggested by Mr. F. W. Roberts of Woodworth, Wis., after he had read Councilor Townsend's article on pantographs. This is an interesting project. We make a life-size outline of a subject in a dark room and then reduce it four to one with the pantograph.

MARCH 15: Did some refinishing on the Buick car, which had managed to acquire a few rust spots on the hood and lamps.

Questions and Answers

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "Any Member, Associate Member or Applicant who has filed his first project has the privilege of calling for any technical information he desires from the Director, who will designate the Councilor to reply, without cost or obligation to the Member. All Councilors must respond promptly to any request by Members."

Q.—I wish to know how I can make a cheap and substantial lathe chuck or spur center for wood turning. I want something which is easy to make, substantial and cheap. Also what tools will I need for simple wood turning? Can I use a set of chisels for substitutes? Member Herbert Diefenbaugh, Bardolph, Ill.

A.—by Councilor Townsend. The most satisfactory center to use on a wood-turning lathe is the standard spur center used for this work. Perhaps you could get an old one from some neighboring wood-working plant, or at least borrow one, so that you could copy it. However, for light work a couple of nails driven through the face plate to act as spurs will turn work fairly satisfactorily. The chief turning tools are chisels and gauges. Usually these tools are much heavier (thicker) than the usual bench tools, to prevent excessive vibration. But if carefully operated the ordinary tools may be used. In addition to the usual sizes of chisels, two gauges, about 5/16 in. and 1/2 in., would be useful, especially for curve turning.



Saving the train

A fifteen-year-old boy's experience with an Iver Johnson bicycle

ONE day last summer, while I was on a bicycle trip, I came to a railroad crossing, and as I glanced over my shoulder to the point where the railroad crossed a bridge, I saw smoke. Turning back and riding quickly down to the bridge, I saw it was in flames.

"Far in the distance I could hear the faint whistle of an approaching train. I knew I must stop it before it reached the bridge. By fast riding I reached the nearest farmhouse. In the yard, a lady was hanging out wash. I noticed a red tablecloth on the line. Without stopping to explain, I ran into the yard, grabbed the tablecloth, ran out, jumped back on my Iver Johnson, and rode back as fast as I could pedal to the railroad crossing. As I reached it, the train came thundering around the nearby curve. I stood in the middle of the track, waved the red tablecloth, and the train came screeching and squealing to a stop. I was generously rewarded for courage and resourcefulness."



Andy Palmer

Real, wide-awake American boys ride Iver Johnsons. This famous bicycle is supreme from every standpoint—speed, easy pedaling, durability and good looks. The frame and forks are made of high carbon seamless steel tubing—for rugged strength. The two-piece crank set and two-point ball bearings reduce friction and take the work out of pedaling. Vital parts are drop-forged—for double strength and to resist severe road shock.

Finally, the rich, flashing finish—five coats of special Iver Johnson enamel baked on, then hand-rubbed. All nickel plating done over copper—for lasting quality.

Color choice of Iver Johnson Blue, Maroon, Green or Black with "Duco" white head. Best guaranteed equipment. See the Iver Johnson agent in your town.

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IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

MISCELLANY

(Continued from page 295)

a diet of oranges, apples and bananas. "At the end of three months," asserts Kennard, "those fed on fruit were noticeably in advance, physically, of their brothers, and the eventual result of the experiment was that the fruit-salad pups all became first-class hounds, whereas only three of those fed on meat, fish and biscuit grew into good dogs. One of them died, and two others developed rickets."

Later the veterinarian repeated the experiment with Pomeranians. In three months the fruit-fed dogs grew almost beyond recognition into the size of large fox terriers, while the others lagged far behind. When the puppies that were fed fruit got the distemper it passed off quickly.

Didn't the doctor let the pups have a bone to sharpen their teeth on, we wonder?

IMPROVING BABY

EDISON, with all his inventions, says the Hardware Age, was a piker as compared with the ambitious young photographer who advertised: "Your baby, if you have one, can be enlarged, tinted and framed for \$8.79."

"HE NAME SUSIE"

WHETHER the reason lies in some peculiarity of the Indian languages in regard to gender, or elsewhere, the red men have amusing difficulty with English nouns and pronouns that denote sex. One of The Companion's readers writes us this account of a conversation he had with an elderly Indian who visited his ranch on the Deschutes River in Oregon.

"Who are you?" I asked him. He replied, "You know Peo?"

Peo was an old tyee Indian who for years had a small garden on the river bottom and kept a few ponies. He was known by many as a sort of king-pin among Indians and was not a bad fellow.

"Yes," I replied, "I know Peo well." Whereupon he asked, "You know he boy?"

Now, to tell the truth, I did not know Peo had any boy, and so I asked, "I am not sure; what is his name?"

The reply broke me up completely. "He boy named Susie," said the Indian. "He my wife!"

ANSWERS

(Questions on page 295)

1. Thomas Gainsborough, an English painter. 2. Canton. 3. Stephen A. Douglas. 4. René Lacoste. 5. To get the advantage of a deep keel in sailing into the wind, and to permit the craft to go into shallow water when the board is pulled up. 6. Norway. 7. Col. William C. Gorgas. 8. Detroit. 9. South Dakota. 10. John Welsey. 11. By pointing the hour hand at the sun; south will then be half way between the hour hand and the figure twelve on the dial. 12. The whale. 13. New Orleans. 14. Lakes Superior and Huron. 15. The camel has two humps, the dromedary one. 16. Louis Pasteur. 17. He held at the same time the open golf championship of Great Britain and the United States and the amateur championship of the United States. 18. William H. Taft. 19. 110. 20. Julius Caesar.

THE BEST MOTION-PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining; not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend.

Let It Rain—Paramount

An irresponsible young marine is steadied by the influences of danger, love and discipline. Douglas MacLean.

Winners of the Wilderness—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Braddock's defeat and the capture of Fort Duquesne vividly told in a historical romance.

The Mysterious Rider—Paramount

Zane Grey's romance of the homesteaders of the West translated for the screen. Jack Holt.

The Magic Garden—F. B. O.

A boy and girl romance stands the test of fame and long separation. Raymond Keane, Margaret Morris.

Johnny Get Your Hair Cut—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Orphaned but self-reliant, a little stable boy wins the great handicap race for the man who befriended him. Jackie Coogan.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



Trains Unruly Hair — to Stay Neatly Combed

IF your hair is difficult to keep in place, or lacks natural gloss and lustre, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed boys.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week,—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it

pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

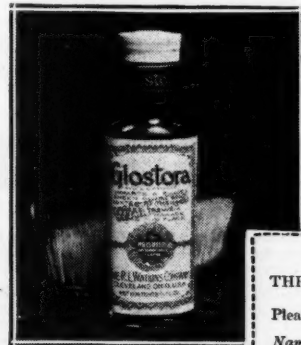
It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes and creams do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether parted on the side, in the center, or brushed straight back.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

A generous sample FREE upon request.



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For their immediate relief and healing doctors prescribe

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automobile and airplane wire, electrical wire, submarine cable, bridge-building cable, wire rope, telegraph and telephone wire, radio wire, round wire, flat wire, star-shaped and all different kinds of shapes of wire, sheet wire, piano wire, pipe-organ wire, wire hoops, barbed wire, woven wire fences, wire grates, wire fence posts, trolley wire and rail bonds, poultry netting, wire screens, concrete reinforcing wire mesh, nails, staples, locks, pulleys, ball lines, steel wire struts, wire-rope aerial tramways, illustrated story of how steel and wire is made, also illustrated books describing uses of all the above wires sent free.

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"I like the old fashioned pieces," said he—

"But my daughter never plays them any more."

How often the older people miss the homely sweetness of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" or "Hearts and Flowers", and innumerable other songs or instrumental selections, so dear to our mothers and grandmothers! The younger generation has no time for those "pokey" tunes.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

The Purity of Cuticura Makes It Unexcelled For All Toilet Purposes



Our Keystone Pin of Gold and Blue

The G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join now!

Our aim: greater knowledge, skill and happiness through enterprises which lead to successful achievements

From Our Treasure Chest "Value Received" in Gift Boxes

DOROTHY SHREVE of Pasadena is working her way through the University of California by making and selling "Wonder Boxes." More than that, she started with nothing but her idea,—without a cent of capital,—and she is already commercially successful. The first consignment to the local stores was sold within an hour. To get her start without a cent of capital she had only to show a finished receptacle and explain her idea, and she was given instant credit with the seedsmen and the toy, kindergarten-supplies and hardware merchants who furnished her first supplies. They knew her idea was a "winner"—with a diploma for a prize.



Dorothy Shreve shows us a wonder box

Three varieties are now on the Pasadena and Los Angeles market, and their name, "The Dorothy Jean Wonder Boxes," is protected by copyright and patent. They are the "rainy-day box" for a child, a "housewives' tool chest" and a most inspiring "garden box." These, approximately a cubic foot in size, are made of half-inch wood, with lids of three-ply veneer, so that they will not warp. The pieces are put together with glue, and the brass hinges are bolted on, as are the front fastenings. They are no toys,—although made by girlish hands,—but durable, made to be sat upon, stood on or banged about.

But they will be cared for, because they are so pretty in their coats of lacquer—Chinese red for the play box, blue for the housewives' and a glowing green for the gardener's. On the top of each is an appropriate picture in colors, shellacked over.

The child's box contains a soap-bubble pipe, a steel magnet, crayons and pad, stencils, a long, bright pencil, a tracing book, a top, beads to string, a steel puzzle, jack-straws, a rubber ball, and some raffia for weaving. Each comes in a different-colored envelope, which also carries printed directions for use; and all are unbreakable. To heighten curiosity, every envelope has its original jingle. On one we find:

"Gold and jingly copper bright,
Half of this game is here;
And half is hid in another place
For you to find, my dear."

On a lavender envelope holding the tracing book we are told to

"Take your pencil now and draw
Along the lines you see,
And you may watch a picture grow
Upon the face of me."

The garden box for sunny days appeals to lovers of gardening of all ages, for it holds a half-dozen bulbs of gladioli, of narcissus, each of a different color and wrapped in tissue the shade the flowers will be, to aid in correct placing; also a half-dozen packages of that number of varieties of seeds, a measuring tape, a ball of green cord with which to string climbers or tie up plants, and a trowel of genuine steel, green in finish but a real tool.

The housewives' box—or "Bride's Tool Chest," as it is labeled—includes the things every woman needs and seldom has about a home, things no bride thinks to provide for herself. Corks, hammers, screwdriver, nails, tacks, elastic bands, sharpeners, etc., and the lovely container itself are no small gift to one who likes to keep belongings in order.

New improvements are being added to these boxes, although they are kept at a uniform price, as their conscientious maker seeks to give more than a mere "value received."

Making the Newest Hats—G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 35

IF you are one of the unfortunate many who sigh over the fact that you hardly ever seem to be able to meet your ideal when you start to shop for a hat, hard-to-get-a-hat-to-fit-my-head need no longer trouble you as you gaze longingly at a girl whose neat little hat looks as if it was literally part of her, it fits so beautifully and harmonizes so attractively with her other clothes. You can make just such a hat with your own fingers, as she doubtless made hers, and without spending more than a dollar or two. A very chic hat of hand-crocheted visca or a Parisian-looking little felt, fitted especially to your head and in any shape that you decide is most becoming to the contour of your face, need no longer be banished from your spring and summer hat plans as beyond the reach of your pocket-book. You might hunt far and wide for such hats and then pay a good deal for them, for the simplicity and individuality of style would be difficult to find.

For Dorothy's hat a piece of lavender felt was bought for 41 cents. This was held in place round the head, pinned to fit, then sewn together on the sewing-machine, on the wrong side, the depth of the crown. One end of the felt was left to lap over and make the back, as shown in B of the diagram. The top of the crown was then scalloped and the edges stitched around with lavender silk floss in a buttonhole stitch. A circle of felt to fit into the top of the crown was cut and stitched in, with the scallops lapping over, the buttonhole stitch also being used.

A little band of purple grosgrain ribbon, caught with a silver buckle, completed the hat. And there was enough felt left over to make a little matching flower to wear on dress or coat lapel.

The visca hat took one skein of thin visca, costing \$1.50. The ribbon for binding the edge and making the band cost 29 cents. When the hat is made it can be pinched into any desired shape—Helen changes hers every time she puts it on!

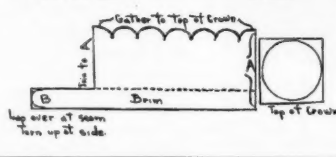
A simple single crochet stitch, putting the hook through the front and backstitch on top of each row, instead of using the usual method of only hooking one stitch, is best, for it makes the work stronger. Here are the di-



Dorothy's lavender felt is made just for her



The hand-crocheted visca worn by Helen



rections for making a 21-inch head size. For a larger size work a few more rounds.

Chain 5 and join. Work 7 st. into ring. 2nd row—2 st. in each st. (14 st.); 3rd row—Increase 1 st. in every other st.; 4th row—Increase 1 st. in every 3d st.; 5th row—Increase 1 st. in every 4th st.; 6th row—Increase 1 st. in every 5th st.; 7th row—1 st. in each st. (42 st.); 8th row—Increase 1 st. in every 6th st.; 9th row—Increase 1 st. in every 7th st.; 10th row—1 st. in each st. (56 st.); 11th row—Increase 1 st. in every 8th st.; 12th row—1 st. in each st. (70 st.); 13th row—Increase 1 st. in every 10th st.; 14th row—Increase 1 st. in every 11th st.; 15th row—1 st. in each st. (84 st.); 16th row—Increase 1 st. in every 12th st.; 17th row—Increase 1 st. in every 13th st.; 18th row—1 st. in each st. (98 st.); 19th row—Increase 1 st. in every 14th st.; 20th row—1 st. in each st. (112 st.); 21st row—Increase 1 st. in every 15th st.; 22d row—Increase 1 st. in every 16th st.; 23d row—1 st. in each st. (126 st.); 24th row—Increase 1 st. in every 17th st.; 25th row—1 st. in each st. (140 st.); 26th row—Increase 1 st. in every 18th st.; 27th row—1 st. in each st. (154 st.); 28th row—Increase 1 st. in every 19th st.; 29th row—1 st. in each st. (168 st.); 30th row—Increase 1 st. in every 20th st.

The work now should be 3 3/4 inches from the center. If it is not, work a few more rows, increasing as little as possible, and keeping the work in shape. Work thirty or more rows without increasing for the side crown, or until the crown is about 8 inches from the center to the bottom.

For the brim, increase every 4th stitch for the first row, then only enough to keep the brim in correct shape. When the brim is the desired width, crochet over ordinary millinery wire in the last row.

To make the brim narrower at the back, begin working at the center of the side and crochet the row to the center of the opposite side. Break the visca. Make a slip-stitch 2 or 3 stitches nearer the back and work the row nearer the back on the opposite side. Repeat, working a little nearer to the back with each row, until the desired width is obtained; then work right round and finish off. Reverse to make the brim narrower in the front.

Fashions for the Young Girl

BETTY, Suzanne and I wanted to go shopping together but never could arrange it conveniently. When letters came just a few days apart—Suzanne's asking me to help her choose a frock for a tea dance while she was at home for Easter, and Betty's asking me to help her decide on one for an informal dinner—I felt that the long-awaited opportunity had come. I wrote to each without the other's knowledge, setting a date.

The plan worked perfectly. Both girls were completely surprised, and we all had a delightful time choosing these two frocks.

Since both are made in white, they are especially timely for any of you who are planning an informal graduation dress.

About Ordering: Each frock is \$16.50, and comes in sizes 13, 15, and 17. Betty's crêpe de Chine can be had in French blue, green, orchid, beige, and white; Suzanne's in blue, beige, green, and white. If you wish to order one and will send me your check or money order, I shall be glad to go shopping for you at Filene's.

HAZEL GREY

8 Arlington St.

Boston, Mass.



Betty's two-piece frock has a blouse with narrow Georgette inserts. The square-cut neck, and narrow belt, fastened with an artistic buckle, are very smart



Suzanne's dress of green Georgette, with box-pleated skirt, tucked blouse and narrow collar in front which turns into a cape in the back, is adorable

Return to Hazel Grey
The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

Address.....

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The CHILDREN'S PAGE

Spring Carnival

By Rowena Bastin Bennett

THE wind blew his bugle, the rain beat his drum;
The sun, like a herald, cried joyfully, "Come!"
"Come to the carnival, spring."

So the tulips all came in their dresses of flame,
And a snowdrop was there with a star in her hair
To dance at the carnival, spring.



MANY years ago in England boys and girls used to get up at dawn to go a-Maying and to rub their faces in the morning dew in order to make sure of twelve months of rosy cheeks. And they may be doing it to this very day, for it is a good old custom. When they were off on this early morning expedition, it was also customary to gather flowers for garlands and wreaths to be worn or carried later in the day at May Day festivities in the town. And some of these flowers were tucked into tiny baskets and left on the door handles of friends and neighbors.

Many of you, perhaps, have taken part in some observance of the first day of May—that day of all the days chosen to be celebrated with flowers and dancing, for it marks the beginning of one of the very loveliest of the spring months. Have you been to a May



You Can Make the Prettiest May Baskets



flowers on May Day. But if you can't fill your baskets with flowers, candy is quite nice, too, and some of the fruit kinds come in colors that will look very much like a bunch of flowers when they are all mixed together and piled into your baskets. Here are some directions that will tell you how to make some pretty baskets.

You Will Need Materials Like These

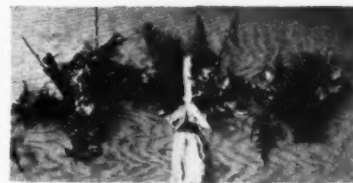
1 spool of fine white covered wire	\$.10
1 dozen flowered paper napkins	.10
1 paper drinking or patty cup	.01
1 roll of brown crepe paper	.05

1 roll of green crepe paper	\$.05
1 tube of paste	.05
1 sheet of gold paper	.15
1 roll of either pink, blue, white or yellow crepe paper	.05

I. A small candy box makes a very firm and pretty May basket. Use the lower part of the box and cover it with two-inch ruffles of three different colors of crepe paper. Paste the ruffles round the box, starting at the bottom edge. Then braid a handle, using three folded strips of paper, each 14 inches long, one strip of each color. Hold a length of wire in the fold of each strip; then when your handle is braided it will be strong and hold its shape when it is finished.

Make a tiny hole on each side of the box, push the ends of the handle through to the inside, paste them down and finish the inside with a lining of one of your three colors. Pink, green and white with a pink lining looks well, for example. Two little bows on either side where the handle joins are a nice finishing touch.

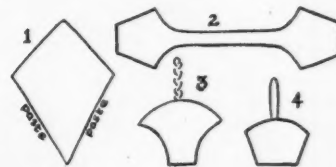
II. A very gay and fluttery basket is made of two gold hearts joined together at the sides with pieces of crepe paper plaited like a fan. Cut the hearts out of heavy white paper. (Perhaps you can find an old valentine of good size to use as a pattern.) Then paste gold paper over them and cut neatly around the edges. Plait a piece of pink paper three times for one side, and a blue



one three times for the other side. Paste the sides of each piece to one side of each heart. After the hearts are joined together on the sides with the plaited paper, paste their points firmly together. Make a braided handle of pink, white and blue like the handle you made for the candy-box basket handle, and fasten it to the hearts through the center top of each one. Make a fluttery bunch of pink, white and blue streamers $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and 12 to 14 inches long and fasten them with a tiny wire loop through the tips of the hearts. Make smaller bunches of streamers of the same kind for each end of the handle.

III. Another pretty basket is a cornucopia shape made of heavy white paper and pasted together like diagram No. 1. Before you paste the sides together cover it from top to bottom on one side with slashed ruffles of yellow, white and green crepe paper. Make a braided handle, using wire to strengthen it like the others, and fasten it at the top. Line the side which will be the inside with plain green or yellow crepe paper. Paste it together. Fill it with flowers or candies—this basket itself looks like a lovely spray of yellow forsythia.

IV. An easy basket for you to make and one that will give the effect of flowers when you can get no real ones to use is cut in one piece from heavy white paper, like diagram No. 2, and covered with paper flowers cut out from flowered paper napkins, or from a roll of flowered crepe paper or flowered wall paper. Cut the leaves and blossoms and arrange them so that they will stand out from the sides and top of the basket when you paste them on. Cover this basket handle with the cut-out flowers too. Line the handle and the inside of



the basket with green paper and fill it with goodies. Colored gumdrops, fruit candies, or hard candies of different colors would be attractive.

V., VI. Two simple little May baskets are made from green or brown crepe paper like diagrams No. 3 and No. 4, and the colors of fresh flowers look lovely in them by contrast with their simplicity of color. Just cut the shapes like the diagrams, of any size you wish, and cover them with either the green or the brown crepe paper both inside and out. Paste the sides and bottoms together, add a plain or braided handle, and they are all ready to be filled with spring blossoms or delicious candies and hung on the door handle of one of your lucky friends early on May morning!



party—the kind which begins with a procession headed by a king and a queen and their attendants and then follows back of them, two by two, to where the biggest boys walk at the end of the line and carry the picnic lunch for the party refreshments, or draw it along in a gayly decorated cart? Or was it the kind of May Day celebration where you learned a May dance to do around a May pole, winding the pole with many gayly colored ribbons as you danced?

Even if you can't go to a party or dance around a May pole, you might like to make some little May baskets and hang them very early on May morning. May baskets should be left just like valentines, you know. Ring the doorbell after you have hung the basket on the door handle and then *run*, for all you are worth, and hide near-by to watch the pleasure of whoever opens the door and finds what you have left there!

May baskets may be of many kinds. Of course, if you have a little garden with early spring flowers in it or know where to pick some pretty wild flowers and ferns to fill your baskets with, that will be very nice and also nearest to the original custom of gathering

My coat is like
my little
house
To keep me
warm and
dry,
So rain and cold
can't bother me,
However hard
they try.



Drawing by Gertrude Sullivan

Umbrella is my
little roof
On which with
mighty glee
The rain pelts
down in
fearful
gusts
But cannot
get at me.

MY HOUSE AND ROOF

By Mary-Louise Menzel

Nuts & Crack

1. ANAGRAM.

The five missing words are spelled with the same four letters, differently arranged in each word.

Swift as the **** that through the forest fly;
Sweet as the **** beneath the sycamore;
Deep as the **** that deepest hidden lie—
**** can heal a sad heart's aching ****.

2. CHARADE.

You'll quickly guess if you take my whole
My second is never hot.
Whatever you may think it is,
Be sure my first is not.

3. DOUBLE ENIGMA.

My head is ten times ten,
My body is but one.
Add five hundred more, and then
My history is done.
My fame is known in Spanish lore,
Remembered long since days of yore.

Multiply the head by ten,
Leave the body one.
Divide five hundred with a ten;
To this you must add none.
My fame is known in Grecian lore,
Remembered long since days of yore.

4. FIRST-LETTER CHANGE.

(Example: Tried, Cried, Fried, Dried.)
What can I have with tea and?
I think I'll buy a juicy
Or else some oysters from the
That is enough, if I don't

5. COLONEL PUZZLER.

A number of soldiers were appointed to act as orderlies to Colonel Puzler and the other staff officers. Each officer took two orderlies, and there were three soldiers left over. So eight more soldiers were assigned, and each officer was then able to take three orderlies.

How many soldiers were there in the original assignment, and how many officers were there?

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

1. THESE MEN TELL ME THE NEW REELS
MEET WELL THE SEVEREST TESTS.

2. Carpet; Car-Pet.

3. A D D I C T
D O R M E R
D R E A M Y
I M A G E S
C E M E N T
T R Y S T S

4. Tomorrow; Tom-Or-Row.

5. The man who saw the splash of the shell shouted first; then the man who heard the shell whirling through the air; and last was the man who heard the boom of the gun.

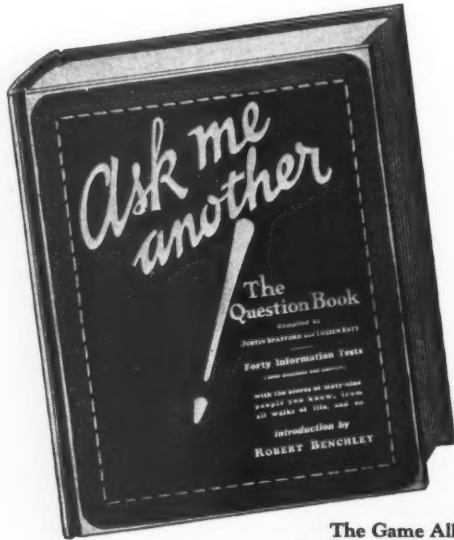
MARY'S WISH

BY

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

"I'd like to see the Hippodrome,"
Said eager little Mary,
"For there I'm almost sure they'd
have
A Hippodromedary!"

1837 1836 1835 1834 1833 1832 1831 1830 1829 1828 1827-1927 1926 1925 1924 1923 1922 1921 1920 1919 1918 1917 1916 1915 1914 1913 1912 1911 1910 1909 1908 1907 1906 1905 1904 1903 1902 1901 1900 1899 1898 1897 1896 1895 1894 1893 1892 1891 1890 1889 1888



The Game All
America is Playing

Ask Me Another!

Here is the golden opportunity to test your information and match your rating with the ratings of 68 famous people. "Ask Me Another," the question book which took the country by storm, contains 30 groups of general questions and 10 groups of special questions on Sports, Literature, the Arts, History, the Bible, etc. — 2000 questions in all, with the answers at the back of the book. The ratings of prominent people are given at the head of each quiz. Anita Loos got 80% on Quiz 1, Bruce Barton got 94% on Quiz 13, Wm. Tilden 11 got 78% on Quiz 3. What is your score?

Under our regular terms this book would be given for one new subscription and 50 cents extra, but —

DURING MAY ONLY

"Ask Me Another" will be given to any Companion subscriber for only one new yearly subscription, WITHOUT ADDITIONAL MONEY.

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Will Make You the Life of Every Party

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USUALLY offered for one new subscription and 65 cents extra, but —

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. — 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Continuing Our 100th Anniversary Series

Specials for May

We present for May four new Premiums of unusual value which we are sure will appeal to hosts of Companion readers. Whether or not you took advantage of the April specials, these new offers and contest prizes are open to you. Begin working today and earn your choice of these Premiums before the offer closes, May 31.

Note: Premiums are given only to present Companion subscribers in payment for new subscriptions that introduce The Youth's Companion into homes where the magazine has not been taken during the past twelve months.

—and a big Gold Prize Too!

A New Contest for May

Every subscriber sending a new subscription during May is entitled to enter this contest. The following prizes in gold will be given for the best letters on the subject, "Why I Like to Recommend The Youth's Companion."

Senior Division (19 Years and over)		Junior Division (Under 19 years)	
1st. Prize	\$20.00	1st. Prize	\$20.00
2nd. Prize	15.00	2nd. Prize	15.00
3rd. Prize	10.00	3rd. Prize	10.00
4th. Prize	5.00	4th. Prize	5.00

IMPORTANT: A letter may be sent with each new subscription order. Letters should be written on a separate sheet and marked for senior or junior division according to the age of the writer. They must be mailed on or before May 31, 1927.

The "Name-On" Fountain Pen

with any name
engraved on the barrel

This high-grade, self-filling fountain pen is fully guaranteed and incorporates all the most up-to-date features. The barrel is of hard rubber in a rich, glossy, black finish and is mounted with gold-filled band, ring or clip, and lever. The point is solid 14K gold, and genuine iridium, one of the hardest metals known, is used for the tips, making the points practically wear-proof. These important features make it a most satisfactory writing implement and one that you will be proud to carry.

ABSOLUTELY INK-TIGHT

A screw cap with fitted shoulder seals up this fountain pen ink-tight. It simply cannot leak. The pen can be carried in the pocket or bag in any position with absolute safety. It is therefore a popular selection for home, school, and business use. We will place any name on the barrel of this pen free of charge.

For gentlemen we offer pen with gold-filled clip and for ladies pen with gold-filled ring. Either may be had with a fine, medium, or coarse point as desired. Do not fail to state choice when ordering.

Under our regular terms the "Name-On" Fountain Pen would be given for one new subscription and 50 cents extra, but —

DURING MAY ONLY

The "Name-On" Fountain Pen will be given to any Companion subscriber for only one new yearly subscription, WITHOUT ADDITIONAL MONEY.



Don't Muff It!! Earn This Genuine Horsehide Fielder's Glove

Picks them out of Mid-Air without a sting

This very popular web-thumb Fielder's glove is built for long service. It is made of soft, flexible crome tan horsehide with strongly welted seams, leather palm lining and adjustable button strap on the back. The heel, little finger, and thumb are extra padded, thus forming a deep and well banked pocket. An excellent feeling glove on the hand and very readily broken in.

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DURING MAY ONLY

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